

THE HISTORY OF Henry the fourth,

VVith the battell at Shrewseburie,
betweene the King, and Lord
Henry Percy, turnamed Henry
Hotspur of the North.

With the humorous conceites of Sir
Iohn Falstaffe.

Newly corrected by W. Shakespeare.



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THE HISTORIE OF Henry the fourth.

Enter the King, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle of VVest-
merland, with others.

King.

SO shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Finde we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breath short winded accents of new broiles,
To be commenc't in stronds a farre remote:
No more the thirsty entrance of this soile,
Shall dawbe her lips with her own childrens blood.
No more shall trenching warre channell her fields,
Nor bruiſe her flourets with the armed hooves
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled heauen,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meete in the intestine shooke,
And furious close of ciuill butcherie,
Shall now in mutuall welbeseeming ranks,
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred and all eyes,
The edge of war, like an ill sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master: therefore friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
Whose souldier now vnder whose blessed crosse,
We are impressed and ingag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of English shall we leuy,
Whose armes were moulded in their mothers wombe,
To chase these Pagans in those holy fields,
Ouer whose acres walkt those blessed feet,

The History of

V Which 1400. yeares ago were made,
For our aduantage on the bitter crosse:
But this our purpose is twelue month old,
And bootles tis to tell you we will go.
Therefore we meete not now, then let me heare,
Of you my gentle Coosen V Vestmetland,
V What yesternight our counsell did decreet,
In forwarding this decre expedience.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set downe
But yesternight, when all a shew there came
A post from Wales, loaden with heauy newes,
Whose werst was, that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herfordshire to fight
Against the irregular, and wilde Glendower,
V Was by the rude hands of that V Velchman taken,
A thousand of his people butchered,
Vpon whose dead corps there was such misse,
Such beafully shameles transformation
By those V Velchwomen done, as may not be
Without much shame retold or spoken of.

King. It seemes then that the tidings of this brode
Brake off our busines for the holy land.

West. This matche with other like my gracious L.
For more vneuen and vnnelcome newes,
Came from the North, and thus it did import
On holy roode day, the gallant Hotspur there
Yong Harry Percy, and braue Archibold,
That euervalliant and approued Scot,
At Holmedon met, wheret hey did spend
A sad and bloody houre:
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood the newes was told:
For he that brought them in the very heate
And pride of their contention, did take horse:
Vncertaine of the issue any way.

King. Here is deafe, a true industrious friend
Sir Walter Blunt, new begg'd from his horse,

Henry the fourth.

Stainde with the variation of each soile,
Betwixt that Holmedon, and this feat of ours,
And he hath brought vs smooth and welcomewes,
The Earle of Dowglas is discomfired,
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights
Balkt in their owne blood, Did sir VValter see
On Holmedons plaines, of prisoners Houspur tooke
Mordake Earle of Fife, and eldest sonne
To beaten Dowglas, and the Earle of Athol
Of Murrey, Angus, and Menteith
And is not this an honourable spoile?

Wyl. A gallant prize! His ransom is not less than this:

King. A conquest for a Prince to boast of.

King. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me faine.

In enuy, that my Lord Northumberland

Should be the father to so black a sonne.

A sonne who in the beams of honors tongue,

Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant,

VVho is sweet fortune's minion, and her pride.

VVhile I by looking on the praise of him,

Scorned and dishonour'd staine the brow.

O my good Harry, O that it could haprou'd,

That some night-tripping Fairy had exchange'd

In cradle clothes, our children where they lay,

And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet.

Then would I haue his Harry, and he mine.

But let him steepe my thought, what think you Gloucester?

Of this young Piers the pride? The prisoners,

Which be in this adventure hath surpris'd,

To his owne vs hee keeps, and sends me word

I shall haue none, but Mordake Earle of Fife.

Wyl. This is his yackles teaching, This is Worcester.

Maluolent to you in all aspects.

VVhich makes him prune himselfe, and bristle vp

The crest of youth against your dignity.

King. But I haue sent for him to answer this:

And for this cause a while we must neglect

Our holy purpose to Ierusalem.

The History of

Cousin, on wednesday next our counsell we will hold
At windfor, so informe the Lords:
But come your selfe with speede to vs againe,
For more is to be said and to be done,
Then out of anger can be vttered,

West. I will my Liege

Exeunt.

Enter Prince of wales and Sir Iohn Falstaffe,

Falf. Now *Hal*, what time of day is it lad?

Prince. Thou art so fat witted with drinking of old sacke,
and vnbuttoning thee after supper, & sleeping vpon benches
after noone; that thou hast forgotten to demaund that truly
which thou wouldest truly know. What a deuill hast thou to
doe with the time of the day? vnlesse houres were cups of sacke,
and minutes capones, and clockes the tongues of bawdes, and
Dialles the signes of leaping houses, and the blessed sunn him-
selfe a faire hot wench in flame-coulered taffata; I see no rea-
son why thou shouldst be superfluous to demaunde the time
of the day.

Falf. Indeepe you come nere mee now *Hal*, for we that take
purfes, go by the moone & the seuen stars, and not by *Phobus*,
he, that wandring knight to *shir*: & I prethee sweare wth, when
thou art King, as God smyth thy grace hairely *Willoughby*, for
grace thou wilt haue none.

Prince. What none?

Falf. No by my troth, not so much as will serue to bee pro-
logue to an egge and butter.

Prince. Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Falf. Mary then, sweet w^{ag}, when thou art King, let not vs
that are Squires of the nightes body, bee called theeues of the
dayes beury: let vs be *Diamonds* terresters, Gentlemen of the
shade; minions of the Moone, and let men say, wee bee men of
good gouernment, being gouerned as the sea is, by our noble
and chaste mistris the moone, vnder whose countenance wee
steale.

Prince. Thou sayest wel, and it holdes wel too, for the fortune
of vs that are the moones men, doth ebbe and flow like the sea,
being gouerned as the sea is by the moone, as for prooffe. Now

a purse

Henry the fourth.

a purse of golde most resolutely smacht on Munday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning, got with swearing lay by, & spent with crying, bring in: now in as low an ebbe as the foote of the ladder, & by & by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fals. By the Lord thou fairest true lad, and is not my hostesse of the tauerne a most sweet wench?

Prin. As the hony of *Hysla*, my old lad of the castle, & is not a buffeierkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fals. How now, how now mad wagge, what, in thy quipes and thy quiddities? what a plague haue I to do with a buffeierking?

Princo. Why what a poxe haue I to do with my hostesse of the tauerne?

Fals. Well, thou hast said her to arckoning many a time and oft.

Princo. Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part?

Fals. No, Ile giue thee thy due, thou hast paid al there.

Prin. Yea and else where, so far as my come would stretch, and where it would not, I haue vsed my credit.

Fals. Yea, and so vsed it. that were it not here apparant that thou art here apparant. But I prethee sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art King? and resolution thus subd as it is with the rusty curb of old father antick the law: do not thou when thou art a King hang a theefe.

Prin. No, thou shalt.

Fals. Shall Ie O raseth by the Lord Ile be a braue iudge.

Prin. Thou iudgest false already. I meane thou shalt haue the hanging of the theeues, and so become a rare hangman.

Fals. Well *Hal*, well, and in some sort it iumpes with my humor, as well as waiting in the Court I can tely you.

Princo. For obtaining of suites?

Fals. Yea, for obtaining of suites, whereof the hangman hath no leape wardrop. Zblood I am as malancholy as a gyb Cat, or a lugd Beare.

Princo. Or an old Lion, or a Lovers lute.

Fals. Yea or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

Princo. What fairest thou to a Hare, or the malancholy of Mooreditch?

The History of

Moore-ditch?

Fals. Thou hast the most vnfauour^{full} smiles, and art indeede the most comparatiue rascallest sweete yong Prince. But *Hal*, I prethee trouble me no more with vanity, I wold to Gad thou and I knew where a conmodity of good names were to bee bought: an old Lord of the counsell rated me the other day in the street about you sir, but I markt him not, and yet hee talkt very wisely, but I regarded him not, & yet hee talkt wisely and in the street too.

Prince. Thou didst wel, for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fals. O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a saint: thou hast don much harme vnto me, *Hal*, God forgie thee for it: before I knew thee *Hal*, I knew nothing, and now am I, if a man should speake truly, little better than one of the wicked: I must giue ouer this life, and I will giue it ouer by the Lord and I do not, I am a villaine: Ile be damnd for neuer a Kings sonne in Christendome.

Prince. Where shall we take a purse to morrow Iacke?

Fals. Zounds where thou wilt lad, ile make one, and I doe not call me villaine and baffell me.

Prince. I see a good amendment of life in thee, from praying, to purse-taking.

Fals. Why, *Hal*, tis my vocation *Hal*, tis no sinne for a man to labour in his vocation.

Enter poyes.

Poyes. Now shall we know, if Gads hil haue set a match, O, if men were to be saued by merit, what hole in hel were hot enough for him? this is the most omnipotent villaine that euer cryed, stand, to a true man.

Prince. Good morrow Ned.

Poyes. Good morrow sweet *Hal*. What sayes Monsieur remorse? what sayes sir Iohn Sacke, and Sugar Iacke? how agrees the diuell & thee about thy soule, that thou soldest him on good Friday last, for a cup of Medera and a colde Capons legg?

Prin. Sir Iohn stands to his word, the diuell shall haue his bargaine, for hee was neuer yet a breake of prouerbes: he will giue the diuell his due.

Poyes.

Henry the fourth

Princes. Then art thou damnd for keeping thy word with the diuell.

Prince. Else he had bin damnd for Cosening the diuell.

Poy. But my lads, my lads, to morrow morning by foure a clock early at Gads hill, there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offrings, and traders riding to London with fat purses. I haue vizards for you all; you haue horses for your selues. Gads-hill lies to night in Rochester, I haue bespöke supper to morrow night in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as sleepe: if you will go, I will stuffe your purses full of crownes; if you will not, tarry at home and be hangd.

Fals. Heare ye Yedward, if I tarry at home and go not, He hang you for going.

Po. You will chops.

Fals. Hal, wilt thou make one?

Prince. Who, I rob? I a theefe? not I by my faith.

Fal. Thers neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royall, if thou darst not stand for ten shillings.

Prince. Well then, ouce in my daies Ile be a madcap.

Fals. Why thats well saide.

Prim. Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home.

Fals. By the Lord Ile be a traitour then, when thou art King

Prince. I care not.

Po. Sir Iohn I prethee leaue the Prince & me alone, I will lay him downe such reasons for this aduenture, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, God giue thee the spirit of perswasion, & him the cares of profiting, that what thou speakest, may moue, and what he heares may be beleueed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) proue a false theefe, for the poore abuses of the time want countenance: farewell, you shall finde me in Eastcheap.

Prim. Farewel the latter spring, farewell Alhollowne summer.

Poy. Now my good sweet hony Lord, ride with vs to morrow. I haue a ieast to execute, that I cannot mannag alone. *Fal.* Stalffe, Hatuey, Rosill, and Gads hill shall rob these men that we haue already way-laid, your selfe & I wil not be there: and when they haue the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

The Historie of

Prin. How shall we part with them in setting forth?

Pe. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to faile; & then will they adventure vpon the exploit themselves, which they shall haue no sooner atchieued, bus weele set vpon them.

Prin. Yea, but tis like that they wil know vs by our horses, by our habits, and by euery other appointment to be our selues.

Pe. Tut, our horses they shall not see, Ile tie them in the wood, our vizards we wil change after we leaue them: and firra, I haue cases of buckorn for the none, to immask our noted outward garments.

Prin. Yea, but I doubt they wil be too hard for vs.

Pe. Well, for two of them I know them to be as true bred cow ardes as euer turned back; & for the third, if he fight longer then he sees reason, Ile forswear armes. The vertue of this iest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue wil tel vs when we meete at supper, how thirty at least hee fought with, what wards, what blowes, what exterminies he indured, and in the reproofe of this lies the iest.

Prin. Wel, Ile go with thee, prouide vs al thinges necessary, and meet me to morrow night in Eastcheape, there Ile suppe: farewell.

Pe. Farewell my Lord.

Exit Prince.

Prin. I know you all, and will a while vphold
The vnyokt humor of your Idlenesse
Yet herein wil I immitate the Sunne,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother vp his beauty from the world,
That when he please againe to be himselfe,
Being wanted he may be more wondred at
By breaking through the foule and vgly mists
Of vapours that did seeme to strangle him.
If all the yeere were playing holy daies,
To sport would be as tedious as to worke;
But when they seldome come, they wiht for come;
And nothinge pleaseth but rare accidents:
So when this loose behauiour I throw off,
And pay the debt I neuer promised,

Henry the fourth

By how much better then my word I am,
By so much shall I falsifie mens hopes,
And like bright mettell on a sullen ground,
My reformation glittering on'e my fault,
Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Then that which hath no soile to set it off.
He so offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time, when men thinke least I will.

Exit.

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur,

Sir Walter Blunt with others.

King. My blood hath beene too colde and temperate
Vnapt to stirre at these indignities,
And you haue found me, for accordingly
You tread vpon my patience, but be sure
I will from henceforth rather be my selfe,
Mighty, and to be feard, then my condition
Which hath beene smooth as oyle, soft as yong downe,
And therefore lost that title of respect,
Which the proud soule nere payes but to the proud.
Wor. Our house (my soueraigne Liege) little deserues
The scourge of greatnesse to be vsed on it,
And that same greatnes too, which our owne hands
Haue holpe to make so portly. *Nor.* My Lord

King. Worcester get thee gone, for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye,
O sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And Maiestie might neuer yet endure
The moody frontier of a seruant brow,
You haue good leaue to leaue vs: when we need
Your vse and counsell, we shall send for you.
You were about to speake.

Exit Wor.

Nor. Yea my good Lord,
Those prisoners in your Highnes name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon tooke.
Were as he sayes, not with such strength denied,
As is deliuered to your Maiesty,
Either enuy therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault, and not my sonne.

The Historie of

Hos. My Liege, I did deny no prisoners,
But I remember when the fight was done,
When I was drie with rage, and extreame toyle,
Breathles and faint, leaning vpon my sword,
Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly drest,
Fresh as a Bridegroom, and his chin new reapt,
Shewd like a stubble land at harvest home:
He was perfum'd like a Milliner,
And twist his finger and his thumbe he helde,
A pouncet boxe, which euer and anon
He gaue his nose, and tookt away againe,
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Tooke it in snuffe, and still he smilde and talkt,
And as the souldiers bore dead bodies by,
He calde them vntaught knaues, vnmanerly,
To bring a slouely vnhandsome coarfe,
Betwixt the wind and his nobility,
VVith many holy day and lady termes,
He questioned me: among the rest demanded,
My prisoners in your Maesties behalfe.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
To be so pestred with a Poppingay,
Out of my griefe and my impatience
Answered neglectingly, I know not what,
He should, or he should not, for he made me mad,
To see him shine so briske, and smell so sweet,
And talke so like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns and drums, and wounds, God saue the marke:
And telling me, the soueraignst thing on earth,
VVas Parmacity for an inward brule,
And that it was great pittie, so it was
This villanous saltpeter should be digde,
Out of the bowels of the harmeles earth;
VVhich many a good tall fellow had destroyde
So cowardly: and but for these vile guns,
He would haue beene himselfe a souldiour.
This balde vnioynted char of his (my Lord)
I answered indirectly (as I said)

And

Henry the fourth.

And I beseech you, let not this report
Come currant for an accusation,
Betwixt my loue, and your high Maiesty.

Blunt. The circumstance considered, good my Lord
VVhat e're *Harrie Pierre* then had said
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest retold,
May reasonable die, and neuer rise,
To doe him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he vsay it now,

King. VVhy yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with prouiso and exception,
That we at our owne charge shall ransome straight
His brother in law, the foolish Mortimer,
VVho in my soule hath wilfully betraide,
The lines of those, that he did lead to fight,
Against the great Magitian, damned Glendower,
VVhose daughter as we heare, the Earle of March,
Hath lately married? Shall our coffers then
Be emptied to redeeme a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with feares,
When they haue lost and forfeited themselves.
No, on the barren mountaine let him ster ue,
For I shall neuer hold that man my friend,
VVhose tongue shall aske me for one penny cost,
To ransome home reuolted Mortimer.

Hot. Reuolted Mortimer?

He neuer did fall off, my Soueraigne Liege,
But by the chance of warre, to proue that true,
Needes no more but one tongue: for all those wounds,
Those mouthed woundes which valiantly he tooke
VVhen on the gentle Seuerns siedgie banke
In single opposition hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an houre
In changing hardiment with great Glendower.
Three times they breathd, and three times did they drinke,
Vpon agreement of swift Seuerns floud
VVho then affrighted with their bloody lookes,

The History of

Ran fearefully among the trembling reedes,
And hid his crispe-head in the hollow banke,
Bloud stained with these valiant combatants,
Neuer did bare and rotten policy
Coloure her working with such deadly wounds,
Nor neuer could the noble Mortimer
Receiue so many, and all willingly,
Then let not him be slandered with revolt.

King. Thou dost bely him Percy, thou dost bely him,
He neuer did encounter with Glendower,
I tell thee, he durst as well haue met the diuell alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not asham'd, but sirra, henceforth
Let me not heare you speake of Mortimer,
Send me your prisoners with the speediest meanes,
Or you shall heare in such a kinde from me,
As will displease you. My Lord Northumberland,
We licence your departure with your sonne,
Send vs your prisoners, or you will heare of it. *Exit King.*

Hot. And if the diuell come and roare for them,
I will not send thank: I will after straight
And tell him so, for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

Nor. What? drunke with choler? stay and pause a while,
Here comes your vncle. *Enter War.*

Hot. Speake of Mortimer,
Zounds I will speake of him, and let my soule,
Want mercy, if I do not ioyne with him:
Yea, on his part, Ile empty all these vaines.
And shed my deare bloud, drop by drop in the dust
But I will lift the down trod Mortimer,
As high in the ayre as this vnthankfull king,
As this ingrate and cankred Bullingbrooke.

Nor. Brother the King hath made you Nephew mad.

War. Who strooke this heate vp after I was gone?

Hot. He will forsooth haue all my prisoners,
And when I vrg'd the ransome once againe
Of my wines brother, then his cheeke lookt pale,

And

Henry the fourth.

And on my face he turnd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

War. I cannot blame him, was not he proclaimed
By Richard that dead is, the next of bloud?

North. He was, I heard the proclamation:
And then it was, when the vnhappy King,
(Whole wrongs in vs God pardon) did set forth
Vpon his Irish expedition;
From whence he intercepted, did returne
To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.

War. And for whose death, we in the worlds wide mouth
Lye scandaliz'd and souly spoken off.

Hor. But soft I pray you, did King Richard then
Proclaime my brother Mortimer
Heire to the crowne?

North. He did, my selfe did heare it.

Hor. Nay then I cannot blame his coosin King,
That wisht him on the barren mountaines starue.
But shall it be that you that set the crowne
Vpon the head of this forgetfull man,
And for his sake weare the detestfull blot
Of murderous subornation? shall it be
That you a world of curses vndergo,
Being the agentes or base second meanes,
The cordes, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
O pardon me, that I descend so low,
To shew the line and the predicament,
Wherein you range vnder this subtil King.
Shall it for shame be spoken in these dayes,
Or fill vp cronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage them both in an vnjust behalfe,
(As both of you God pardon it, haue don)
To put downe Richard that sweet louely Rose,
And plant this thorne, this canker Bullingbrooke?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shooke off
By him, for whom these shames ye vnderwent?

The History of

No, yet time serues, wherein you may redeme
Your banisht honors, and restore your selues,
Into the good thoughts of the world againe:
Reueng the ieking and disdaind contempt
Of this proud King, who studies day and night
To answere all the debt he owes to you,
Euen with the bloudie payment of your death:
Therefore I say.

War. Peace Cousin, say no more.
And now I will vnclasp a secret booke,
And to your quicke conceiuing discontents
Ile read you matter deepe and dangerous,
As full of perill and aduenterous spirit.
As to o're walke a Current roring lowd,
On the vnstedfast footing of a speare.

Hes. If hee fall in, good night, or sinke or swime,
Send danger from the East vnto the west,
So honor crosse it, from the North to South,
And let them grapple: O the bloud more stirs
To rowse a Lion, than to start a Hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Driues him beyond the boundes of patience.
By heauen me thinks it were an easie leape,
To pluck bright honor from the pale-fac'd Moone,
Or diue into the bottom of the deepe,
Where fadome line could neuer touch the ground,
And pluck vp drowned honor by the lockes,
So he that doth redeme her thence might weare
Without corruall all her dignities;
But out vpon this halfe fac't fellowship.

War. He apprehendes a world of figures here,
But not the forme of what he should attend,
Good Cousin giue me audience for a while.

Hes. I cry you mercy.

War. Those saue noble Scots that are your prisoners.

Hes. Ile keepe them all.

By God he shall not haue a Scot of them.
No, if a Scot would saue his soule, he shall not.

Henry the fourth.

Hee keepe them by this hand.

War. You start away,

And lend no care vnto my purposes:

Those prisoners you shall keepe.

Hot. Nay, I will: thars flat:

He said he would not ransom Mortimer,

Forbad my tongue to speake of Mortimer:

But I will find him when he lies a sleepe,

And in his eare Ile hollo Mortimer:

Nay, Ile haue a startling shal be taught to speake

No thing but Mortimer, and giue it him,

To keepe his anger still in motion,

War. Heere you cool in a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly desie,

Saue how to gall and pinch this Bullingbrooke,

And that same sword and buckler Prince of Wales,

But that I thinke his father loues him not,

And would be glad he met with some mischance:

I would haue him poysoned with a pot of Ale.

War. Farewell kinsman, Ile talke to you

When you are better tempered to attend.

Nor. Why what a waspe-tongue & impatient foole

Art thou, to breake into this womans moode,

Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne?

Hot. Why looke you, I am whipt and scourg'd with

Netled, and stung with pismires, when I heare (rods,

Of this vile politician Bullingbrooke.

In Richards time, what do you call the place;

A plague vpon it, it is in Gloucestershire;

Twas where the mad-cap Duke his vncle kept,

His vncle yorke, where I first bowed my knee

Vnto this King of smiles, this Bullingbrooke:

Zbloud when you and he came back from Rattenburgh,

Nor. At Barkly Castle.

Hot. You say true,

why what a candie deal of currelie,

This fawning greyhound then did proffer me,

Looke when this infant fortune came to age,

And gentle Harry Percy, and kind Cousin

The Historie of

O, the diuell take such coofeners, God forgie me,
Good vncke tell your tale, I haue done.

Wer. Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,
VVe will stay your leysure.

Hos. I haue done yfaith.

Wer. Then once more to your Scottissh prisoners,
Deliuier them vp without their ranfome straight,
And make the Dowglas sonne your onely meane
For powers in Scotland, which for diuers reasons
VVhich I shall send you written, be assurde
Will easily be granted you my Lord.
Your sonne in Scotland being thus employed
Shall secretly into the bosome creepe
Of that same noble Prelate welbelon'd
The Archbishop.

Hos. Of Yorke, is it not?

Wer. True, who bears hard
His brothers death at *Brisslow* the Lord *Scroope*:
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set do^{ne},
And onely staies but to be hold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hos. I smell it. Vpon my life it wil do well.

Nor. Before the game is afoote, thou still leist slip.

Hos. VVhy it cannot choose but be a noble plot,
And then the power of Scotland and of Yorke,
To ioyne with Mortimer, ha.

Wer. And so they shall.

Hos. In faith it is exceedingly wel aimed.

Wer. and tis no little reason bids vs speede,
To saue our heads, by raising of a head:
For, heare our selues as euen as we can,
The King wil alwaies thinke him in our dept,
And thinke we thinke our selues vnfatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And see already, how he doth beginne
To make vs strangers to his lookes of loue.

Hos. purre.

Henry the fourth.

Har. He does, he does, weele be reueng'd on him.
War. Cousin, Farewel. No further go in this,
Then I by Letters shal direct your course
VVhen time is ripe, which will be suddenly:
Ile steale to Glendower, and loe, Mortimer,
VVhere you and Douglas, and our powers at once,
As I wil fashion it, shal happily meete,
To beare our fortunes in our owne strong armes,
VVhich now we hold at much vn certainty,

Nor. Farewel good brother, we shal thrive, I trust.

Har. VVale adieu: O let the houres be short,
Till fields, and Blowes, and grones applaud our sport, *Exeunt.*
Enter a Carrier with a lantern in his hand.

1 *Car.* Heigh ho, An it be not foure by the day, Ile be hangd,
Charles waine is ouer the new chimney, and yet our horse not
packt. VVhat Ostler?

Ost. Anon, anon,

1 *Car.* I prethee Tom, beat cuts saddle, put a few flockes in
the point, poore iade is wrung in the withers, out of all celsse.

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Pease and beanes are as danke here as a dog, & that
is the next way to giue poore iades the bots: this house is tur-
ned vpside downe since Robin Ostler died.

1 *Car.* Poore fellow neuer ioyed since the price of oats rose,
it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I thinke this be the most vilanous house in all Lon-
don roade for fleas, I am stung like a tench,

1 *Car.* Like a tench? by the masse there is nere a king chris-
ten could be better bit, then I haue bin since the first cocke.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow vs nere a iordaine, & then wee
leake in your chimney, and your chamber lie breeds fleas like a
loach.

1 *Car.* What Ostler, come away, and be hangd, come away

2 *Car.* I haue a gammon of Bacon, and two razes of ginger,
to be deliuered as far as Charing Crosse,

1 *Car.* Godsbody, the Turkies in my Panier are quite star-
ued: what Ostlers plagu on thee, hast thou neuer an eye in thy
head? canst not heare, & t were not as good a deed as drinke to
C 3

breake

The History of

breake the pate on thee, I am a very villaine, com & be hangd,
hast no faith in thee

Enter Gads-bill.

Gadsbill. Goodmorrow Carriers, whatsa clocke?

Car. I thinke it be two a clock.

Gad. I prethee lend me thy lanterne, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay by godsoft, I know a trickeworth two of that I faith.

Gad. I prethee lend me thine.

2 *Car.* I, when, canst tell I lend me thy lanterne (quoth he) hurry Ile see thee hangd first.

Gad. Sirra Carrier, what time doe you meane to come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbour Muges, weele call vp the Gentlemen, they wil a long with company, for they haue great charge.

Enter Chamberlaine.

Exeunt.

Gad. What ho: Chamberlaine.

Cham. At hand quoth pick-purse.

Gad. That's even as faire, as at hand quoth the Chamberlaine for thou variest no more from picking of purses, then giuing direction doth from laboring: thou layest the plot how.

Cham. Goodmorrow master Gadsbill it holds curiant that I told you yester night, theres a Franckelin in the wilde of kent, hath brought three hundred markes with him in gould. I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper, a kinde of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too. God knowes what they are vp already, and call for egges & butter, they will away presently.

Gad. Sirra, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas clarkes, He giuerhee this necke.

Cham. No, Ile none of it, I pray thee keepe that for the hangman, for I know thou worshipest Saint Nicholas, as truly as a man of falshood may.

Gad. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, Ile make a far paire of gallowes: for if I hang, old sir Iohn hangs with me, & thou knowst he is no staruling, tut, there are other

Troians.

Henry the fourth,

Troians that thou dream'st not of, the which for sport sake are content to do the profession, some grace, that would (if matters should be lookt into) for their own credit sake make a whole: I am ioined with no foot-land rakers, no long staffe fixpenny strikers, nor of these mad mustachio purple hewd makeworms, but with nobility, & tranquillity, Burgomasters & great Oneyers, such as can hold in such as will strike sooner then speake, & speake sooner then drinke, and drinke sooner then pray, & yet (Zounds) I lie, for they pray continually to their saint the Common-wealth, or rather not pray to her, but pray on her, for they ride vp and downe on her, and make her their bootes.

Cham. What, the Common-wealth their bootes? wil the hold out water in foule way?

Gad. She wil, she will, iustice hath liquord her: we steale as in a cattile cocksure. we haue the receit of Fernefeede, we walke inuisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I thinke you are more beholding to the night then to Fernefeed, for your walking inuisible.

Gad. Giue me thy hand, thou shalt haue a share in our purchase as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me haue it, as you are a false theefe.

Gad. Go to, *homo* is a common name to all men: bid the ostler bring my Gelding out of the stable, farewell ye muddy knave.

Enter Prince, Poines, and Perce.

Poines. Come shelter, shelter, I haue remoued Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gum'd Veluer.

Prince. Stand close.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Poines, Poines, and be hangd Poines.

Prince. Peace ye fat-kidneyd rascall, what a brawling dost thou keepe?

Fal. What Poines, *Ha?*

Prince. He is. walke vp to the top of the hill, Ile go seeke him.

Fal. I am accurst to rob in that theeues company, the rascall hath remoued my horie, and tyed him I know not where, if I trauel but foure foote by the squire further a foote, I shall break my winde. Well, I doubt not but to dye a faire death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue, I shall forsworne his company hourly any time this xxii. yeeres and will be

The History of

wicht with the rogues company. If the rascall haue not giuen me medicines, to make me loue him, Ile be hangd. It could not be else, I haue drunke medicines, Paines, Hal, a plague vpon you both. Bardoll, Peto, Ile starue ere Ile rob a foote further, and t'were not as good a deede as drinke to turne true man, and to leau these rogues; I am the veriest varlet that euer chewed with a tooth: eight yeards of vneuen ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me : and the stony hearted villaines know it well inough, a plague vpon it when theeues cannot be true one to another.

They whistle.

Whew, a plague vpon you all, giue me my horse, you rogues, giue me my horse and be hangd.

Prince Peace ye fat guts, lye downe, lay thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou can heare the tread of Travellers.

Fals. Haue you any leauers to lift me vp againe being down? zbloud Ile not beare mine owne flesh so farr afoot againe, for all the coyne in thy fathers Exchequer: what a plague meane ye to colt me thus?

Prince Thou lyest, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted.

Fals. I prethee good *Prince Hal*, helpe me to my horse, good Kings sonne.

Prince. Out you rogue, shall I be your Ostler.

Fals. Go hang thy selfe in thine own heire apparant garters: if I be rane, Ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballads made on all, & sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: when least is so forward, and afoote too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-bill.

Gad. Stand.

Fal. So I do against my wil.

Paines. O tis our setter, I know his voice: *Bardol* what newes?

Bar. Caffe yee, caffe yee, on with your vizards, thers money of the Kings comming downe the hill, tis going to the Kings exchequer.

Fals. You lie you rogue, tis going to the King, Tauerne.

Gad. There's enough to make vs al,

Fal. To be hangd.

Prince. You foure shall front them in the narrow lane: Ned Paines & I will walke lower: if they scape from your encounter,

Henry the fourth.

ter, then they light on vs

Peto. But how many be they of them?

Gad. Some eight, or ten.

Fals. Zounds, wil they not rob vs?

Prince. What! a coward Sir Iohn Pawnshe?

Fals. Indeed I am not Iohn of Gant your Grandfather, but yet no coward, Hal.

Prince. Well, wee leaue that to the prooffe.

Poines. Sirra lack, thy horse standes behind the hedge, when thou needest him, there thou shalt finde him: farewell, & stand

Fals. Now cannot I strike him if I should be hangd. (fast.)

Prince. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poines. Here hard by, stand close.

Fals. Now my maisters, happy man be his dole, say I, every man to his businesse.

Enter the Travellers.

Tra. Come neighbour, the boy shal lead our horses downe the hil, weele walke afoote a while, and ease our leggs,

Theeves. Stand.

Tra. Iesus bleffe vs.

Fals. Strike, downe with them, cut the villaines throates: a horse on caterpillars! Bacon-fed knaues, they hate vs youth, downe with them, fleece them.

Tra. O, we are vndone, both we and ours, for euer.

Fals. Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are ye vndone? no yee fat chuffes, I would your store were here: on bacons, on, what yee knaues? young men must liue, you are grand lurers, are yee? weele iure yee yfaith.

Here they rob them and binde them: Enter the Prince and Poines.

Prince. The theeves haue bound the true men: now couldst thou and I rob the theeves, and go merrily to London, it wold be argument for a weeke, laughter for a month, and a good iest for euer.

Poines. Stand close, I heare them comming.

Enter the theeves againe.

Fals. Come my masters, let vs share, and then to horse before day: and the Prince and Poines be not two arrant cowards, theres no equity stirring, theres no more valour in that Poines, than in a wild duck.

Prince

The Histori of

Prin. Your money.
Poin. Villaines.

*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poin-
set upon them, they all run away, and Fal-
staffe after a blow or two runs away too, lea-
uing the bootie behinde them.*

Prin. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse: the theeues
are scattered, and posselt with feare so strongly that they dare
not meete each other, each takes his fellow for an officer, away
good Ned, Falstaffe sweares to death, and lards the leane earth
as he walkes along: wert not for laughing I should pittie him.

Faines How the rogue roard.

Exeunt.

Enter Hotspur selus reading a letter.

*But for mine owne part my Lord, I could bee well content ad to bee
there, in respect of the loue I beare your house.*

He could be cōtented, why is he not then? in the respect of the
loue he beares our house: he shoves in this, he loues his owne
barne better then he loues our house. Let me see some more.

The purpose you undertake is dangerous.

Why thats certain, tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleepe, to
drinke, but I tel you (my Lord foole) out of this nettle danger,
we plucke this flower safety.

*The purpose you Undertake is dangerous, the friends you haue named
Uncertaine, the time is selfe vnforced, and your whole plot too light, for
the counterpoise of so great an opposition.*

Say you so: say you so. I say vn to you a gaine you are a shal-
low cowardly hinde, and you lye: what a lack-braine is this? by
the Lord our plot is a good plōt, as euer was laid, our friends
true & cōstant: a good plot, good friends, & ful of expectatiō:
an excellēt plot, very good friends; what a frostie spirited rogue
is this? why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, & the gene-
rall course of the Action. Zounds & I were now by this rascal,
I could braine him with his Ladies tanne. Is there not my fa-
ther, my vnclē, and my selfe, Lord Edmund Mortimer, my
Lorde of Yorke, & Owen Glendower? is there not besides the
Dowglas haue I not al their letters to meet me in armes by the
ninth of the next month, and are they not som of them set for-
ward already? what a pagan raskall is this, and infidel? Ha, you
shall see now in very sinceritie of feare and cold heart, wil he to
the King, and lay open al our proceedinges. O, I could diuide
my

Henrie the fourth.

my selfe, & go to buffets, for mouing such a dish of skim milke
with so honorable an action. Hang him, let him tell the King,
we are prepared. I will set forward to night. *Enter his Lady.*
How now Kate, I must leaue you within these two houres?

Lady O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence haue I this fortnight bin
A banisht woman from my Harries bed?
Tell me, sweet Lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomack, pleasure, and thy golden sleepe?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes vpon the earth?
And start so often when thou sittest alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh bloud in thy cheekes?
And giuen my treasures and my rights of thee
To thick eyd musing, and curst melacholly?
In my faint slumbers, I by thee watcht,
And heard thee murmure tales of yron warres,
Speake rearmes of manage to thy bounding steed,
Cry courage to the field. And thou hast talkt
Of sallies, and retires, trenches, tents,
Of pallizadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of basilisks, of canon, culuerin,
Of prisoners ransome, and of souldiers slaine,
And all the current, of a heddy fight,
Thy spirit within thee hath bin so at war,
And thus hath so bestird thee in thy sleepe,
That beds of sweat hath stood vpon thy brow
Like bubbles in a late disturbed streame,
And in thy face strange motions haue appeared,
Such as we see when men restraîne their breath,
On some great sodaine hast. O what portents are these?
Some heauy busines hath my Lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loues me not.

Hot what ho, is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Ser. He is, my Lord, an houre agoe.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriffe?

Ser. One horse, my Lord, he brought euen now.

Hot. What horse? a roane? a crop-eare, is it not?

Ser. It is my Lord.

The Historie of

Hot. That Roane shal be my throne. Well, I will backe him straight, O Fiferance, bid Butler lead him forth into the parke.

La. But heare you my Lord.

Hot. What fairest thou my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse (my loue) my horse.

La. Out you madhedded ape, a weazell hath not such a deal of spleene, as you are toft with. In faith Ile know your busines Harry, that I wil: I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir about his title, & hath sent for you to line his enterprise, but if you go

Hot. So far a foote, I shal be weary, loue.

La. Come, come you Paraguito answer me directly, vnto this questiō that I shal aske: in faith Ile break thy little finger, Harry, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away, away you trisser, loue; I loue thee not, I care not for thee Kate, this is no world To play with inammets, and to tik with lips, We must haue bloudie noses, and crackt crownes, And passe them currant too: gods me my horse: What saist thou Kate; what wouldst thou haue with mee?

La. Do you not loue me? do you not indeede? Wel, do not then: for since you loue me not, I will not loue my selfe. Do you not loue mee? Nay, tel me, if you speake in iest, or not

Hot. Come wilt thou see me ride? And when I am a horseback, I wil swere, I loue thee infinitely. But harke you Kate, I must not haue you henceforth, question me, Whither I go: nor reason where about, Whither I must, I must: and to conclude, This euening must I leaue you Gentle Kate: I know you wife, but yet no farther wife, Then Harry Percies wife, constant you are, But yet a woman and for secrecy, No Lady closer, for I wil beleaue, Thou wilt not vtter what thou dost not know: And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

La. How, so far?

Hot.

Henrie the fourth.

H. Not an inch further: but harke you Kate,
VWhicher I go, thither shall you go too:
To day will I set forth, to morrow you:
VWill this content you Kate?

Lady It must of force.

Exeunt.

Enter Prince and Poines.

Prince. Ned, prethee come out of that fat roome, & lend mee
thy hand to laugh a little.

Poines. VWhere halt bin Hal?

Prin. VWith three or foure logger-heads, amongst three or
foure score hogf-heads. I haue sounded the very base string of
humility Sirra, I am sworne brother to a leash of drawers, and
can call them all by their christen names, as Tom, Dicke, and
Francis: they take it already vpon their saluation, that though I
be but prince of VVales, yet I am the King of curtelie, & tel me
flatly I am not proud lack, like Falstaffe, but a Carimthian, a
lad of mettall, a good boy (by the Lord so they call mee) and
when I am King of England, I shall command all the good lads
in Eastcheape. They cal drinking deepe, dying scarlet, & when
you breath in your warring, they cry hem, and bid you play it
off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of
an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinker in his owne lan-
guage, during my life. I tel thee Ned, thou hast lost much ho-
nour that thou wert not with me in this action; but sweet Ned:
to sweeten which name of Ned, I giue thee this peniworth of
sugar, clapt euen now into my hand, by an vnder skinker, one
that neuer spake other English in his life, than eight shillings &
six pence, and you are welcome, with this thril adition, anon,
anon sir; skore a pint of bastard in the halfe moone, or so. But
Ned, to drue away time till Falstaffe come: I prethee do thou
stand in some by roome, while I question my puny drawer, to
what end he gaue me the sugar, and doe neuer leaue calling
Francis, that his tale to me may bee nothing but, anon; stepp
aside, and he shew thee a present.

Poines. Francis.

Prince. Thou art perfect.

Poines. Francis.

Enter drawer.

(Raffe.)

Fran. Anone anon sir, looke downe into the Pomgarret,

The History of

Prince Come hither *Francis*. *Francis* My Lord.

Prince How long hast thou to serue, *Francis*?

Francis Forsooth fīue yeeres, and as much as t^o

Poines *Francis*,

Francis Anone, anone sir.

Prince Fīue yeeres, berlady a long lease for the clinking of pewter; But *Francis*, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and shew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it.

Francis O Lord sir, Ile be sworne vpon all bookes in England I could find in my heart,

Poines *Francis*, *Francis* Anen sir.

Prince How old art thou, *Francis*?

Francis Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shal be

Poines *Francis*.

Francis Anone sir, pray you stay a little my Lord.

Prince Nay but harke you *Francis*, for the sugar thou gauest me, 't was a peny worth, wait not?

Francis O Lord, I would it had beene two.

Prince I wil giue thee for it, a thousand pound, aske mee when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.

Poines *Francis*.

Francis Anone, anone.

Princes Anone *Francis*? No *Francis*, but to morrow *Francis*: or *Francis*, on thurseday: or indeede *Francis*, when thou wilt. But *Francis*.

Francis My Lord.

Prince Wilt thou robb this leatherne ierkin, cristall button, not-pated, agat ring, puke stocking, caddice garter, smoothe tongue, Spanish powch?

Francis O Lord sir, who do you meane?

Prince VVhy then your browne bastard is your onely drinke: for looke you *Francis*, your white canuasse doublet will sulley. In Barbary sir, it cannot come to so much.

Francis VVhat sir?

Poines *Francis*.

Prince Away you rogue, dost thou not heare them call?

¶ Heere they both call him, the drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to goe.

Enter Vintner.

Vnt, VVhat, standst thou stil, & hearst such a calling looke

Henry the fourth.

to the ghefts within. My Lord, old sir Iohn with halfe a dozen more, are at the doore, shall I let them in?

Prin. Let then alone a while, & then open the doore; *Poines.*

Poines Anon, anon sir.

Enter poines.

Prince Sirra, Falstaffe and the reste of thetheeves are at the doore, shall we be merry?

Po. As merry as Cricketes, my lad, but harke yee, what cunning march haue you made; with this iest of the Drawer? come, what's the issue?

Prin. I am now of all humors, that haue shewed themselves humors, since the old daies of goodman Adam, to the pupil l age of this present twelue a clocke at midnight. What's a clock Francis?

Francis Anon, anon sir.

Prin. That euer this fellow should haue fewer words then a Parrat, & yet the sonne of a woman. His industry is vp staires and downe staires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percies mind, the Hotspur of the North, he that kills me some fixe or seuen dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his handes, & sayes to his wife, Fie vpon this quiet life, I want worke. O my sweet Harry, sayes she: how many hast thou kild to day? Giue my Roane horse a drench (saies he) and answers, some fourteene, an houre after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in Falstaffe, Ile play Percy, and that damnde Brawne shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. *Rino*, saies the drunkard: cal in Ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter Falstaffe.

Poines Welcome Iacke, where hast thou beene?

Fal. A plague of al cowards I say, and a vengeance too, marry and Amen: giue me a cup of sack boy. Ere I lead this life long, Ile sowe neather stockes, and mend them, and foote them too. A plague of all cowards. Giue me a cup of sacke, rogue, is there no vertue extant?

he drinks.

Prin. Didst thou neuer see Titan kisse a dish of butter, piousharted Titan that melted at the sweete tale of the sunne: if thou didst, then behold that compound.

The History of

Fal. You rogue, heeres lime in this sacke too, there is nothing but rogerie to be found in villanous man, yet a coward is worle then a cup of sack with lime in it. A villanous coward, Go thy waies old sacke, die whe thou wilt, if māhood, good māhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a thotten herring: there liues not three good men vnhangd in England, & one of them is fat, & growes old, God helpe the whole, a bad world I say, I would I were a weauer I could sing psalmes, or any thing. A plague of al cowards, I say still.

Prin. How now, Wolpack. what matter you?

Fal. A kings son? if I do not beat thee out of thy kingdome with a dagger of lath, & drive all thy subiectes afore thee like a flock of wilde geese, Ile neuer wearch haire on my face more, you Prince of Wales.

Prin. Why you horson round man, whats the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answere me to that, and Poinces there.

Poin. Zounds yee fat paunch, and yee cal me coward, by the Lord, Ile stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward? Ile see thee damnde ere I call thee coward, but I would giue a thousand pounce if I coulde runne as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the sholders, you care not who sees your backe: call you that backing of your friendes? a plague vpon such backing: giue mee them that will face mee, giue me a cup of sacke. I am a rogue if I drunke to day.

Prin. O villaine, thy lips are scarfe wipt since thou drunkest last.

Fal. All's one for that.

He drincketh.

A plague of al cowards still say I.

Prin. Whats the matter?

Fal. Whats the matter? here be foure of vs haue tane a thousand pound this morning.

Prin. Where is it? lacke, where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from vs it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

Prin. What, a hundred man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at halfe sword, with a dozen of them two houres together. I haue scaped by myracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose, my

Henry the fourth.

my buckler cut through and through, my sword hacket like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*, I neuer dealt better since I was a man, all would not doe. A plague of al cowards, let them speake; if they speake more or lesse then truth, they are villaines, & the sonnes of darknesse.

Gad. Speake, sirs, how was it:

Ro/s. We foure set vpon some dozen.

Falst. Sixteene, at least, my Lord.

Ro/s. And bound them,

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue they were bound, euery man of them, or I am a lew else, and k brew lew.

Ro/s. As we were sharing, some 6 or 7 fresh mē set vpō vs.

Fal. And vnbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prince What, fought yee with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what yee call all: but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty vpon poore old lacke, then am I no two leg'd creature.

Prince. Pray God, you haue not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praing for, I haue pepper'd two of thē. Two I am sure I haue payed, two rogues in buckrom fures: I tel thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spitte in my face; cal mee horie: thou knowest my olde warde: here I lay, and thus I bore my point; foure rogues in buckrom let driue at me.

Prin. What, foure? thou said'st but two, euen now.

Fal. Foure, Hal, I told thee foure,

Pomes I, I, he said foure.

Fal. These foure came all afront, and mainely thrust at mee; I made no more ado, but tooke al their feuen points in my target, thus.

Prin. Seuen? why there were but foure euen now.

Fal. In buckrom.

Pomes I, foure, in buckrom suites.

Fal. Seuen, by these hiltes, or I am a villaine else.

Prin. Præthee let him alone, we shal haue more anon.

Fal. Doeſt thou heare me Hal?

Prin. I, and marke thee too, lacke.

The History of

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listning to, these nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,

Poines Downe fell his hose.

Fal. Began to giu me ground: but I followed me close, came in foore and hand, & with a thought, seuen of the eleuen I paid.

Prin. O monstrous! eleuen buckrom men grown out of two?

Fal. But as the diuell would haue it, three mis-begotten knaues, in kendal greene, came at my backe, and let driue at me for it was so darke, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

Prin. These lyes are like the father that begets them, grosse as a mountaine, open palpable. Why thou clay-braind guts thou knotty-pared foolc, thou horson obscene greasie tallow catch.

Fal. What? art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Prin. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendall greene, when it was so darke thou couldst not see thy hand? come tell vs your reason, What saiest thou to this?

Poines. Come, your reason lacke, your reason.

Fal. What, vpon compulsion? Zoundes, and I were at the strappado, or al the racks in the world, I would not tel you on compulsion, Giue you a reason on compulsion? if reasons were as plenty as blackeberryes, I would giue no man a reason vpon compulsion, I.

Prin. He be no longer guiltie of this sinne. This sanguine coward, this bed-pressen, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hil of flesh.

Fal. Zbloud you starueling, you elfskin, you dried neats tong, buls-pizzel, you stockefish: O for breath to vter! what is like thee? you taylers yard, you sheath, you bowcase, you vile standing tucke.

Prin. Wel, breath a while, and then to it againe, & when thou hast tired thy selfe in base comparisōs, heare me speak but thus

Poi. Marke, lacke.

Pri. Wet two, saw you foure, set on foure, & bound them, & were masters of their welth: marke now how a plaine tale shal put you downe: then did wee two set on you foure, and with a word,

Henry the fourth.

word, outface you from your prize, & haue it, yea, & can shew it you here in the house. & Falstaffe, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, & roared for mercy, & still run & roare, as euer I heard bul-calf. What a slaue art thou to hack thy sword as thou hast done? & then say it was in fight. What trick? what deuce? what starting hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant shame?

Prin. Come lets heare, lacke what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as wel as he that made ye. Why heare you, my masters, was it for me, to kil the heire apparant? should I turne vpon the true Prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but, beware instinct, the Lion will not touch the true Prince, instinct is a great matter. I was a coward on instinct, I shall thinke the better of my selfe, & thee, during my life; I, for a valiant Lyon, and thou, for a true prince: but, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you haue the money. Hostesse, clap to the doores, watch to night, pray to morrow, gallants, lads, boyes, hearts of gold, al the titles of good fellowship come to you. What shall we be merrie, shall wee haue a play extempore?

Prin. Content, & the argument shal be, thy running away.

Fal. A, no more of that Hal, & thou loust me. *Enter hostesse.*

Ho. O Iesu, my Lord the Prince!

Prin. How now my Lady the hostesse, what saist thou to mee?

Ho. Marry, my L. there is a noble man of the court, at doore would speake with you: he saies, he comes from your father,

Prin. Giue him as much, as will make him a royall man, and send him back againe to my mother,

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Ho. An old man.

Fal. What doth grautie out of his bed at midnight? Shall I giue him his answer?

Prin. Prethee do, lacke. *Fal.* Faith, and Ile send him packing.

Exit.

Prin. Now sirs, bishady you fought faire, so did you Peto, so did you Bardol, you are Lyons too, you ran away vpon instinct, you wil not touch the true Prince, no sic.

Bar. Faith, I ran when I saw others runne.

E

Prince.

The History of

Pri. Faith, tel me now in earnest, how came Falstaffs sword so hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his dagger, and said hee would sweare truth out of England but hee would make you beleue it was done in fight, and perswaded vs to do the like.

Car. Yea, and to tickle our noses with speare-grasse, to make them bleede, and then to beslobber our garmentes with it, and sweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seuen yeeres before, I blusht to heare his monstrous deuise.

Pri. O villaine thou stolest a cup of sacke eightene yeeres ago, and wert taken with the manner, and euer since thou hast blusht extempore, thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, & yet thou ranst away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bar. My Lord, do you see these meteors? doe you behold these exhalations?

Prince Ido.

Bar. What thinke you they portend?

Pri. Hot liuers, and cold purses.

Bar. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

Enter Falstaffe.

Pri. No, if rightly taken, halter. Here comes leane Iacke, here comes bare-bone: how now my sweet creature of bobast, how long is't ago, Iack, since thou sawest thine owne knee?

Fal. My owne knee? when I was about thy yeeres (Hal) I was not an Eagles talent in the wast: I could haue crept into any Aldermans thumbering: a plagu of sighing & griefe, it blows a man vp like a bladder. There's villenous newes abroad, heere was sir Iohn Braby from your father: you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the North, Percy, & hee of Wales, that gaue Amamon the bastinado, & made Lucifer cuckold, & swore the deuill his true lieger anypon the Crosse of a Welch hooke: what a plague call you him?

Pain. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen, the same, and his sonne in law Mortimer, and olde Northumberland, and the sprightly Scot of Scottes, Dowglas, that runnes a horse-back vp a hill perpendicular.

Pri. He that rides at high speede, and with a pistoll kills a sparrow flying,

Fal.

Henry the fourth.

Fal. You haue hit it.

Prin. So did he neuer the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good metall in him, hee will not runne.

Prince Why what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running?

Fal. A horsebacke (ye cuckoe) but a foote. he wil not budge a foote.

Prince Yes Iack, vpon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, vpon instinct; wel, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blew caps more. *Worcester* is stolne away to night, thy fithers beard is turnd white with the news, you may buy land now as cheape as stinking mackrell.

Prin Then tis like, if there come a hore turr, and this ciuill buffetting hold, we shall buy maydenheads as they buy hobnailes, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the masse lad, thou saist true, it is like wee shall haue good trading that way. but tell me Hal, art not thou horrible afraid? thou being heire apparant, could the world picke thee out three such enemies againe, as that fiend *Douglas*, that spirit *Perry*, and that diuell *Glendower*? art not thou horrible afraid? doth not thy bloud thrill at it?

Prin. Nor a whit yfaith, I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Wel, thou wilt bee horrible chidde to morrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou doe loue me, practise an answer.

Prin. Doe thou stand for my father, and examine me vpon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content: this chaire shall be my state, this dagger my scepter, and this cushion my crowne.

Prince. Thy state is taken for a ioynd stoole, thy golden scepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crowne, for a pittifull bald crowne.

Fal. Well, and the fire of grace bee not quite out of thee, now shalt thou beemoned. Giue mee a cup of sacke to make mine eyes looke redde, that it may bee thought I haue wept, for I must speake in passion, and I will doe it, in *King Cambyses* vaine.

The History of

Prince V Vell, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech, stand aside Nobilitie.

Ho. O Iesu, this is excellent sport, yfaith.

Fal. V Veepe not sweet Queene, for trickling teres are vain.

Ho. O the father, how how he holds his countenance?

Fal. For Gods sake Lords, conuey my trustfull Queene.

For teares do stop the floud-gates of her eyes.

Ho. O Iesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players,
as euer I see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot, peace, good tickle braine.

Harry, I do not onely maruell, where thou spendest thy time:
but also, how thou art accompanied. For though the camomil
the more it is trode on, the faster it grows: yet youth, the more
it is wasted, the sooner it weares: thou art my son, I haue partly
thy mothers word, partly my opinion, but chiefly, a villanous
trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of the neather lip, that
doth warrant me. If then thou bee sonne to mee, here lieth the
point: why, being sonne to me, art thou so pointed at? shall the
bleis'd sonne of heaven proue a micher, and eare blacke ber-
ries a question not to be askt. Shall the son of England proue
a thiefe, & take purses? a question to be askt. There is a thing,
Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to ma-
ny in our land, by the name of pitch. This pitch (as ancient wri-
ters do report) doth defile: so doth the company thou keepest:
for Harry, now I do not speake to thee in drinke, but in teares;
not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words onely, but in woes
also: & yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted
in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prin. V Vhat manner of man, and is like your Maiestie?

Fal. A goodly portly man vfaith, and a corpulent, of a cheer-
full look, a pleasing eie and a most noble cariage, & as I think,
his age some fifty, or birlady, inclining to threescore, and now
I reme'ber me, his name is Falstaffe: if that man should be lew-
dly giuen, he deceiues me. For Harry, I see vertue in his looks:
if then the tree may bee knowne by the fruit, as the fruit by the
tree; then peremptorily I speake it, there is vertue in that Fal-
staffe, him keepe with, the rest banish; and tell me now, thou
naughtie varlet, tell me, where hast thou bin this month?

Prince,

Prin. Dost thou speake like a king? do thou stand for mee
and Ile play my father.

Fal. Depose me; if thou dost it halfe so granely, so maiestically both in word and matter, hang mee vp by the heeles for a rabbit sucker or a Poulters Hare.

Prin. Well, heere I am set.

Fal. And here I stand, iudge my matters.

Prince Now, Harry, whence come you?

Fal. My noble Lord, from Eastcheape.

Prince The complaints I heare of thee, are grieuous.

Fal. Zbloud my Lord, they are false: nay: Ile tickle ye for a yong Prince yfaith.

Prin. Swarest thou, yngracious boy; henceforth nere look on me, thou art violently carried away from grace, there is a diuell haugs thee, in the likenesse of an old fat mā; a tun of man is thy companion; why dost thou conuerse with that trunke of humors; that boulding hutch of beastinesse, that swoln parcell of dropies, that huge bombard of sacke, that stuff cloke bag of guts, that roasted Mannin tree Oxe with the pudding in his belly, that reuerent vice, that gray iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in yeeres, wherein is he good? but to tast sacke and drinke; wherein neat & cleudy, but to carue a capow & eat it; wherein cunning, but in craft; wherein crafty, but in villany; wherein villanous, but in all thinges? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. Would your grace would take me with you, whom meanes your grace?

Prince That villanous abhominable misleader of youth, Falstaffe, that old white bearded Sathan.

Fal. My Lord, the man I know. *Prin.* I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harme in him then in my selfe, were to say more then I know: that he is old, the more the pottie, his white haire do witness it: but that he is, sauing your reverence, a whoremaster, that I vterly deny: if sack and sugar be a fault, God helpe the wicked: if to be old and merry bee a sin, the many an old host that I know, is damnd to be fat, be to be hated, the Pharaos lean kine are to be lored. No, my good lord, banish Peto, banish Bardol, banish Paines; but for sweet Lacke

The History of

Falstaffe, kinde Iacke Falstaffe, true Iacke Falstaffe, valiant Iacke Falstaffe, and therefore more valiant, being as hee is old Iacke Falstaffe, banish not him thy Harries company, banish not him thy Harries company; banish Plumpe Iacke, & banish al the world.

Prince I do, I will.

Enter Bardoll running.

Bar. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sherife, with a most monstrous watch, is at the dore.

Fal. Out you rogue, play out the play. I haue much to say in the behalfe of that Falstaffe.

Enter the Hostesse.

Ho. O Iesu, my Lord, my Lord!

Fal. Heigh, heigh, the diuell rides vpon a fiddle stick what's the matter?

Ho. The Sherife and all the watch are at the doore, they are come to search the house, shall I let them in?

Fal. Doe'st thou heare, Hal? neuer call a true piece of gold a counterfeit, thou art essentially made, without seeming so.

Prince And thou a naturall coward without intinēt.

Fal. I deny your Maior, if you wil deny the Sherife, so, if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: I hope I shall as soone be strangled with a halter as another.

Prince. Goe hide thee behind the Arras, the rest walke vp a boue: now my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I haue had, but their date is out, and therefore Ile hide me.

Prince Call in the Sherife.

Enter Sherife and the Carrier.

Prince Now master Sherife, what is your will with me?

Sbe. First, pardon me, my Lord, A hue and cry hath tollow ed certaine men vnto this house.

Prince What men?

Sbe. One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a grosse fat man.

Car. As fat, as butter.

Prince The man, I doe assure you is not here
For I my selfe at this time haue imployd him:

And

Henry the fourth.

And Sheriffe I will ingage my word to thee,
That I will by to morrow dinner time,
Send him to answere thee or any man,
For any thing he shall be charge withall,
And so let me intreat you leave the house,

Sher. I will my Lord, there are two Gentlemen
Haue in this robbery lost 300. markes.

Prim. It may be so: if he haue robd these men
He shall bee answerable: and so farewell.

Sher. Good night my noble Lord,

Prim. I thinke it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed my Lord, I thinke it betwix a clocke. *Exit.*

Prim. This oyle rascall is knowne, as well as Poules: goe call
him forth.

Peto. Falstaffe: fast a sleepe behind the Arras, and snorting
like a horse.

Prince. Hark, how hard he fetches breath, search his pockets

He searcheth his pockets, and findes certaine papers.

Prim. What hast thou founde?

Peto. Nothing but papers my Lord.

Prim. Lets see what be they: & ade them;

Item a capon

2.s.2.d.

Item sawce

iiii.d.

Item, sacke, two gallons.

v.s.viii.d.

Item anchaues and sacke after supper

2.s.6.d.

Item bread

ob

O monstrous! but one half peniworth of bread to this intolerable deale of sacke: what there is else, keep close, weele reade it at more aduantage: there let him sleep till day: ile to the court in the morning, We must all to the wars, and thy place shall bee honorable. Ile procure this fat rogue a charge of foote, and I know his death will be a match of twelue score, the money shall be paide backe againe with aduantage, be with me betimes in the morning, and so good morrow Peto.

Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord

Exeunt.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Lord Mortimer

Owen Glendower.

Mor. These promises are faire, the parties sure,

And

The History of

And our induction full of prosperous hope

Hot. Lord Mortimer, & cooſin Glendower will you ſit down?
and vnclé Worceſter; a plague vpon it, I haue forgot the map.

Glen. No, here it is, ſit Cooſin Percy, ſit good Cooſin Hot-
ſpur, for by that name, as oft as Lancaſter doth ſpeake of you,
his cheeké lookes pale, and with a riſing ſight he wiſheth you
in heauen.

Hot. And you in hell, as oft as he heares Owen Glendow-
er ſpoke of.

Glen. I cannot blame him; at my natiuitie
The front of heauen was full of fierie ſhapes
Of burning creſſers, and at my birth
The frame and foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward,

Hot. Why ſo it would haue done at the ſame ſeaſon, if your
mothers cat had but kittened, though your ſelfe had neuer bin
borne.

Glen. I ſay the earth did ſhake when I was borne,

Hot. And I ſay the earth was not of my mind,
If you ſuppoſe, as fearing you, it ſhooke.

Glen. The heauens were all on fire, the earth did tremble,

Hot. Oh! then the earth ſhooke to ſee the heauens on fire,
And not in feare of your natiuitie.
Diseaſed nature oftentimes breakes forth
In ſtrange eruptions, of the teeming earth
Is with a kinde of collicke pinche and vex,
By the imprifoning of vnruſly winde
Within her wombe, which for enlargement ſtriving,
Shakes the old Beldame earth, and topples downe
Steeple and moſsgrowne Towers. At your birth
Our grundam earth, hauing this diſtemperature,
In paſſion ſhooke.

Glen. Cooſin, of many men
I do not beare theſe croſſing: giue me leaue
To tell you once againe, that at my birth
The front of heauen was full of fierie ſhapes,
The goates ran from the mountaines, and the heaſdes
Were ſtrangely clamorous to the frighted fields,

Theſe

Henry the fourth.

These signes haue markt me extraordinary,
And all the courtes of my life do shew,
I am not in the roll of common men:
Where is the liuing, clipt in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales
Which calls me pupill, or hath read to me,
And bring him out, that is but womans sonne,
Can trace me in the tedious waies of Art,
And hold me pace in deepe experiments.

Hot. I thinke there's no man speakes better Welsh,
He to dinner.

Mor. Peace coosen Percy, you will make him mad.

Glen. I can call spirits from the vasty deepe.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man:

But will they come, when you do call for them?

Glen. Why, I can teach you coosen to command the diuell.

Hot. And I can teach thee coose, to shame the diuell,
By telling truth. Tell truth and shame the diuel,
If thou haue power to raise him, bring him hither
And He be sworne, I haue power to shame him hence.
Oh, while you liue, tell truth and shame the diuell.

Mor. Come, come, no more of this vnprofitable chat.

Glen. Three times hath Henry Bullingbrooke made head
Against my power, thrice from the banks of VVye,
And Sandy bottomde Seuerne haue I hent him
Boortles home, and weather beaten backe.

Hot. Home without bootes, and in fowle weather too?
How scapes he agues in the diuels name?

Glen. Come, here is the Map, shall we diuide ourright,
According to our threefold order tane?

Mor. The Arch-deacon hath deuided it
Into three limits, very equally:
England from Trent, and Seuerne hitherto,
By South and East, is to my part assignde,
All westward, VVales beyond the Seuerne shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower: and deare coose, to you
The remnant Northward, lying off from Trent,

The History of

And our indentures tripartite are drawne
Which being sealed enterchangeably,
(A busines that this night may execute)
To morrow coosen Percy you and I
And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth,
To meet your father and the Scottish power,
As is appointed vs at Shrewsbury.
My Father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall wee need his helpe these foure teene dayes,
Within that space, you may haue drawne together
Your tenants, friendes and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glen. A shorter time shall send me to you, Lords
And in my conduct shall your Ladies come,
From whence you now must steale, and take no leaue
For there will be a world of water shed,
Vpon the parting of your wiuers and you.

Hot. Methinks my moity North from Burton here
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See, how this riuer comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land,
A huge halfe Moone, amonstrous scantle out:
He haue the current in this place damd vp,
And here the smug and siluer Trent shall run,
In a new channell, faire and euently,
It shall not wind with such a deepe indent
To rob me of so rich a bottome here.

Glen. Not wind? it shall, it must, you see it doth.

Hot. Yea, but marke how he beares his course, and runs me
vp, with like aduantage on the other side, gelding the opposed
continent, as much, as on the other side, it takes from you.

Hot. Yea, but a little charge will wrench him here,
And on this Northside, win this, cape of land
And then he runs straight and euen,

Hot. He haue it so, a little charge will do it.

Glen. He not haue it alred.

Hot. Will not you?

Glen. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay?

Glen

Glen. VVhy, that wil I,

Hot. Let me not vnderstand you then, speake it in welsh.

Glen. I can speake English, Lord, as well as you,
For I was traind vp in the English Court,
Where, being but yong, I framed to the haire
Many an English dittie, louly wel,
And gaue the tongue a helpfull ornament:
A vertu that was neuer seene in you.

Hot. Marry, and I am glad of it, with al my heart,
I had rather bea kitten and cry mew,
Then one of these same miter ballet-mongers:
I had rather heare a brasen canstick turne,
Or a dry wheele grat on the axle-tree,
And that would let my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as minsing Poetry:
Tis like the forc't gate of a shutting nag.

Glen. Come you, that haue Tarent turned,

Hot. I do not care, Ile giue thee so much land
To any wel deseruing friend:
But in the way of bargaine, marke ye me:
Ile cauillon the ninth part of a heare.
Are the indentures drawne? shal we be gone?

Glen. The Moone shines faire, you may away by night:
Ile haile the writer, and withall,
Breake with your wines, of your departure hence,
I am a fraide my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer.

Mor. Fie, coosen Percy, how you crosse my father.

Hot. I cannot chuse sometimes he angers me
VVith telling me of the Moldwarp and the Ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies:
And, of a dragon and a finlesse fish,
A clip-wingd Griffin and a moulted Raven,
A couering Lion, and a ramping Cat,
And such a deale of skumble skamble stuffe,
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,
He held me last night, at least, nine houres,
In reckning vp the seuerall clockes of the day.

The Historie of

That were his lackies: I cried hum, and well, go to,
But markt him not a word, O, he is as tedious
As a tyred horse, a railing wife,
Worse then a smoky house. I had rather liue
With cheefe and garlike in a windmill far,
Then feede on caters, and haue him talke to me,
In any summer house in Christendome.

Mor. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,
Exceeding well read and profited
In strange concealments, valiant as a Lion,
And wondrous affable, and as bountifull
As mines of India: shall I tell you, cousin,
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himselfe, even of his naturall scope,
When you come crosse his humour, faith he does:
I warrant you, that man is not aliue,
Might so haue tempted him, as you haue done,
Without the taste of danger and reproofe:
But do not vse it oft, let me intreat you.

Wer. In faith, my Lord, you are to wilfull blame,
And since your coming hither, haue done enough
To put him quit besides his patience:
You must needes learne, Lord, to amend this fault,
Though sometimes it shew greatnesse, courage, bloud,
And thats the dearest grace it renders you:
Yet often times it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of gouernment,
Pride, hautinelle, opinion and disdain,
The least of which, haunting a noble man,
Loseth mens hearts, and leaues behinde a stain
Vpon the beuty of all partes besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am schoold, good manners be your speede,
Heere come your wiues, and let vs take our leaue,

Enter Glendower with the Ladies.

Mor. This is the deadly spight that angers me,
My wife can speake no English, I no welsh.

Glen. My daughter weepes, sheele not part with you;

Sheele

Henry the fourth.

Sheele be a souldier too, sheele to the wars.

Mor. Good father tell her, that she, and my Aunt Percy
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

*Glendower speaks to her in welsh, and she answers
him in the same.*

Glen. She is desperat here,
A peeuiſh ſelfe wild harlotry, one that no perſwaſion can doe
good vpon.

The Lady ſpeakes in welſh.

Mor. I vnderſtand thy lookes, that pretty welſh,
Which thou powreſt downe from theſe ſwelling heauens,
I am too perfect in, and but for ſhame
In ſuch a parley ſhould I anſwere thee.

The Lady againe in welſh.

Mor. I vnderſtand thy kiſſes, and thou mine,
And that a feeling diſputation:
But I will neuer be a truant loue,
Till I haue learnd thy language, for thy tongue
Makes welſh as ſweete as ditties highly pend,
Sung by a faire Queene in a ſummers bowre,
VVith rauiſhing diuiſion to her lute.

Glen. Nay, if thou melt, then will ſhe runne mad.

The Lady ſpeakes againe in welſh.

Mor. O, I am ignorance it ſelte in this.

Glen. She bids you on the wanton ruſhes lay you downe,
And reſt your gentle head vpon her lap,
And ſhe will ſing the ſong that pleaſeth you,
And on your eyelids crowne the God of ſleepe,
Charming your bloud with pleaſing heauineſſe
Making ſuch difference betwixt wake and ſleepe,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The houre before the heauenly harneſt ſeeme
Begins his golden progreſſe in the Eaſt.

Mor. VVith al my heart Ile ſit and heare her ſing,
By that time will our booke I thinke be drawne.

Glen. Do ſo, and thoſe Muſicians that ſhall play to you,
Hang in the ayre a thouſand leagues from thence,
And ſtraight they ſhal be here, ſit and attend.

The History of

Hor. Come Kate, thou art perfect in lying downe:
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my head in thy lap.
La. Go, ye giddy goose.

The musicke playes.

Hor. Now I perceiue the diuell vnderstands Welch
And t'is no maruell he is so humorous,
Birlady he is a good musician.

La. Then would you be nothing but musically,
For you are altogether governed by humors:
Lie still ye thiefe, and heare the Lady sing in Welsh.

Hor. I had rather heare Lady my brache howle in Irish.

La. Would'st haue thy head broken?

Hor. No.

La. Then be still.

Hor. Neither t'is a womans fault,

La. Now God helpe thee.

Hor. To the Welsh Ladies bed.

La. VVhat's that?

Hor. Peace, she sings.

Here the Lady sings a Welsh song.

Hor. Come, Ile haue your song too.

La. Not mine in good sooth.

Hor. Not yours in good sooth? Hart you sweare like a com-
fitmakers wife, not you in good sooth, and as true as I liue, &
as God shall mend me, and as sure as day:
And giuest such sarcener surety for thy oathes,
As if thou neuer walk'st further then Finsburie:
Sweare me Kate, like a Lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leaue in sooth,
And such protest of pepper ginger bread,
To veluet gards, and Sunday Citizens.
Come, sing.

La. I will not sing.

Hor. T'is the next way to turne tayler, or be vedbreft teacher,
and the indentures be drawn, Ile away within these 2. houres,
and so come in when ye will.

Exit.

Glen. Come, come, Lord Mortimer, you are as slow,
As *Hor.* Lord Percy is on fire to go.

By

Henry the fourth.

By this our booke is drawne, weele but seale
And then to horse immediately.

Mor. With all my heart.

Exeunt.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales and other.

F. King. Lords giue vs leaue, the Paine of Wales and I
Must haue some priuate conference, but be neere at hand
For we shall presently haue neede of you. *Exeunt Lords.*
I know not whether God will haue it so,
For some displeasing seruice I haue done,
That in his secret doome, out of my bloud,
Hee'le breede reuengement and a scourge for me:
But thou dost in the passages of life
Make me belecue, that thou art onely mark't
For the hote vengeance, and the rod of heauen
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poore, such bare, such lewde, such meane attempts
Such barren pleasures, rude societie,
As thou art matcht withall, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatnes of thy bloud,
And hold their leuell with thy princely heart?

Prin. So please your Maiesty, I would I could.
Quit all offences with as cleare excuse,
As well as I am doubtlesse I can purge
My selfe of many I am charg'd withall:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As in reproofe of many tales deuilde,
Which oft the eare of greatnes needes must heare
By smiling pick-thanks, and base newes-mongers,
I may for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wandred, and irregular
Finde pardon on my true submission.

King. God pardon thee, yet let me wonder, Harry
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy auncellors,
Thy place in counsell thou hast rudely lost
VVhich by thy yonger brother is supplide,
And art almost an alien to the harts

The History of

Of all the Court and Princes of my blood,
The hope and expectation of thy time,
Is ruin'd, and the soule of euery man
Prophetically do forethink thy fall:
Had I so laith of my presence beene,
So common hackneid in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheape to vulgar company,
Opinion that did helpe me to the crowne
Had still kept loyall to possession,
And left me in reputeles banishment,
A fellow of no marke nor likelihood,
By beeing seldome scene, I could not stir
But like a Comet I was wondred at,
That men would tel their children, This is he:
Others would say, where, which is Bullingbrooke?
And then I stole all curtesie from heauen,
And drest my selfe in such humility,
That I did plucke allegiance from mens harts:
Loud shoutes and salutations from their mouthes,
Euen in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keepe my person fresh and new,
My presence like a robe pontificall,
Ne're scene, but wondred at, and so my state
Seldome, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast
And wan by rarenes such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled vp and downe,
With shallow iesters, and rash baun wits,
Soone kindled, and soone burnt, carded his state,
Mingled his royalty with carping fooles,
Had his great name prophaned with their scornes,
And gaue his countenance against his name,
To laugh at gybing Boyes, and stand the push
Of euery beardles vaine comparatiue
Grew a companion to the common streetes,
Enscost himselfe to popularity,
That being dayly swallowed by mens eyes,
They surfettted with hony, and began to loath,
The taste of sweetnes, whereof a little

More

Henric the fourth.

More then a little, is by much too much.
So when he had occasion to bee seene,
He was, but as the Cuckow is in Iune,
Heard, not regarded: seene but with such eyes
As sicke and blunted with community,
Affoord no extraordinary gaze.
Such as is bent on sun-like Maiesty,
VVhen it shines seldome in admiring eyes,
But rather drowzd, and hung their eye-lids downe
Slept in his face, and rendred such aspect
As cloudy men vse to do to their aduersaries,
Being with his presence, glutted, gorge and full,
And in that very line, Harry stonedst thou
For, thou hast lost thy princely priuiledge,
VVith vile participation, Not an eye
But is laweary of thy common sight,
Saue mine, which hath desired to see thee more,
VVhich now doth that I would not haue it doe
Make blinde it selfe with foolish tendernes,

Prin. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord
Be more my selfe. *Kin.* For all the world
As thou art to this howre, was Richard then,
VVhen / from France set foot at Raenspurgh,
And euen as I was then is Percy now:
Now by my scepter and my soule to boote,
He hath more worthy interest to the state,
Then thou, the shadow of succession,
For of no right nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fieldes with harnes in the Realme,
Turns head against the Lions armed iawes,
And being no more indebt to yeares, then thou
Leades ancient Lords, and reuerent Bishops on,
To bloody battels, and to brusing arms,
VVhat neuer dying honor hath he got
Against renowned Dowglas? whole high deedes,
VVhose hot incursions, and great name in Armes:
Holds from all Souldiers chiefe maiority,
And military title capitall,

The History of

Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ,
Thrice hath this Hotspur Mars in swathing clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprises,
Discomfited great Douglas, tane him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe defiance vp,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The Archbishops Grace of Yorke, Douglas, Mortimer
Capitulate against vs, and are vp.

But, wherefore do I tell these newes to thee?
Why, Harry do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my neerest and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough through vassall feare
Base inclination, and the start of spleene,
To fight against me vnder Percies pay,
To dog his heeles, and curke at his frownes,
To shew how much thou hast degenerated.

Prin. Do not thinke so, you shall not finde it so,
And God forgive them, that so much haue swayed
Your Maiesties good thoughts away from me.
I will redeeme all this on Percies head,
And in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you that I am your sonne,
When I will weare a garment all of blood,
And staine my fauours in a bloody maske,
Which waite away, shall seoure my shame with it.
And that shall bee the day, whenere it light
That this same child of honour and renowne,
This gallant Hotspur, this all praysed knight,
And your vnthought of Harry chance to mee,
For euery honor sitting on his helme,
Would they were multitude, and on my head
My shame redoubled. For the time will come
That I shall make this Northerne youth exchange
His glorious deedes for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my Lord
To engrosse my glorious deedes on my behalfe.

And

Henrie the fourth.

And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render euery glory vp,
Yea, euen the sleightest worship of his time,
Or I will teare the reckoning from his heart.
This in the name of God I promise here,
The which if he be pleas'd, I shall performe
I do beseech your Maiesty may laue,
The long growne woundes of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands,
And I will die a hundred thousands deaths,
Ere breake the smallest parcell of this vow.

Kin. A hundred thousand rebels die in this,
Thou shalt haue charge, and soueraigne trust herein.
How now good Blunt? thy lookes are full of speed.

Enter Blunt.

Blunt. So hath the busines that I come to speake of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,
That Douglas and the English rebels met
The eleuenth of this month at Shrewsburie.
A mighty and a fearefull head they are,
(If promises be kept on euery hand)
As euer offred foule play in a state.

Kin. The Earle of Westmerland set forth to day,
With him my soone Lord Iohn of Lancaster,
For this aduertisement is fife daies old,
On wednesday next. Harry, thou shalt set forward
On Thursday, we our selues will march. Our meeting
Is Bridgenorth, and Harry you shall march
Through Gloucestershire, by which account
Our busines valued some twelue daies hence
Our generall forces at Bridgenorth shall meet
Our hands are full of busines, let's away,
Aduantagē see des him fat, while men delay.

Exeunt.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardoll.

Fal. Bardoll, am I not false away vilely since this last action?
do I not bate? doe I not dwindle? Why my skin hangs about
me like an old Ladies loose gowne. I am withered like an olde
apple Iohn. Well, ile repent, and that sodainely, while I am in

The History of

some liking, I shall be out of heart shortly, & then I shall have no strength to repent. And I have not forgotte what the inside of a Church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewers horse, the inside of a Churce. Company, villanous company hath bin the spoile of me.

Bar. Sir Iohn you are so fretfull, you cannot liue long.

Fal. Why, there is it, come, sing me a bawdy song, make me merry. I was as vertuously giuen, as a gentleman neede to bee, vertuous enough. I swore little, did't not, about seuen times a week went to a bawdy house not about once in a quarter of an hour, paid mony that I borrowed three or foure times, liued wel, & in good compasse, and now I liue out of all order, out of all compasse.

Bar. Why, you are so fat, sir Iohn, that you must needes be out of all compasse: out of all reasonable compasse, sir Iohn.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and Ile amēd my life: thou art our Admirall thou bearest the lanterne in the poope, but 'tis in the nose of thee: thou art the knight of the burning lampe.

Bar. Why, sir Iohn, my face does you no harme.

Fal. No, Ile besworne, I make as good vse of it, as many a man doth of a deaths head, or a *memento mori*. I neuer see thy face, but I thinke vpon hell fire, & Diues that liued in purple: for there he is in his robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giuen to vertue, I would sweare by thy face: my oth should be, By this fire, thats Gods Angel. But thou art altogether giuen ouer: & wert indeede, but for the light in thy face, the son of vtter darknesse. When thou ranst vp Gods hall in the night, to catch my horse, if I did not thinke that thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a bal of wild-fire, there's no purchase in money. O thou art a perpetuall triumph an euerlasting bone-fire light thou hast saued me a thousand Markes in Linkes & Torches, walking with thee in the night, betwixt Tauerne & Tauerne: but the sack that thou hast drunke me, would haue bought me lights as good cheape, at the dearest chandlers in Europe. I haue maintained that Salamāder of youres, with fire, any time this two and thirty yeeres: God reward me for it.

Bar. Zbloud, I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. Goda mercy, so should I be sure to be heart-burd.

How

Henry the fourth.

How now, dame Partlet the hen, haue you enquired
yet who pickt my pocket?

Enter Host.

Host. Why sir Iohn, what do you think, sir Iohn, do you think
I keepe theeues in my house? I haue searcht, I haue enquired, so
haz my husband, man by man, boy by boy, seruant by seruant:
the tigh of a haire was neuer lost in my house before,

Fal. Ye lie, Hostelle, Bardoll was shaud, and lost many a
haire: and ile besworne my pocket was pickt: go to, you are a
woman, go.

Host. VVho I? no, I desie thee: Gods light, I was neuer calde
so in mine owne house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, sir Iohn, you do not know me, sir Iohn, I know you
sir Iohn, you owe me money sir Iohn, and now you picke a
quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirtes to
your backe.

Fal. Doulas, filthy Doulas, I haue giuen them away to bakers
wiues, they haue made boulders of them.

Ho. Now as I am a true woman, holland of viiii. s. an. el: you
owe money here besides sir Iohn, for your diet, and by drink-
ings, and money lent you, xxiii. pound.

Fal. He had his part of it, let him pay.

Ho. He? alas, he is poore, he hath nothing.

Fal. How? poore? looke vpon his face, what call you rich? let
them coine his nose, let them coine his cheekes, ile not pay a
denier: what, will you make a yonker of me? shall I not take
mine ease in mine Inne, but I shal haue my pocket pickt? I haue
lost a seale ring of my Grandfathers worth forty marke.

Host. O Iesu! I haue heard the Prince tel him, I know not how
oft, that that ring was copper.

Fal. How? the Prince is a lacke, a sneake-cup: Zbloud and he
were here, I would cudgel him like a dogge, if he would say so.

*Enter the Prince marching, and Falstaff meetes him
playing on his truncheon like a Fife.*

Fal. How now lad: is the wind in that dore if aith? must wee
all march?

Bar. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

Ho. My Lord I pray you heare me.

The History of

Prin. What saist thou, mistris quickly? how doth thy husband? I loue him well, he is an honest man.

Hos. Good my Lord heare me.

Fal. Prethee let her alone and list to me.

Prin. What saist thou lacke?

Fal. The other night I fell a sleepe here behind the Arras, and had my pocket pickt, this house is turnde bawdy house, they picke pockets.

Prin. What didst thou lose, lacke?

Fal. Wilt thou beleue me, thal three or foure bonds of forty pound a peece, and a seale ring of my grandfathers.

Prin. A trifle, some eight penny matter.

Hos. So I told him my Lord, and I said, I heard your Grace say so: and my Lord he speakes most vilely of you, like a foule mouth'd man, as he is, and said, he would cudgell you.

Prin. What he did not?

Hos. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me els.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee, then a stued prune, nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Foxe; and for womanhood, maid Marion may bee the deputies wife of the ward to thee. Go, youthing, go.

Hos. Say, what thing, what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thanke God on.

Hos. I am nothing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it, I am an honest mans wife, & setting thy Knighthoode aside, thou art a knaue to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say o-therwise.

Hos. Say, what beast, thou knaue thou?

Fal. What beast? why, an Otter.

Prin. An Otter sir John? why an Otter?

Fal. VVhy? thees neither fish nor flesh, a man knowes not where to haue her.

Hos. Thou art an vnjust man in saying so, thou or any man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou

Prin. Thou sayest true, Hostes, and he slaunders thee most grosely.

Hos. So he doth you, my Lord, and said this other day You ought

Henry the fourth.

ought him a thousand pound.

Prince. Sirra, doe I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound Hal? a million: thy loue is worth a million: thou owest me thy loue.

Hoff. Nay, my Lord, hee cald you Iacke, and said hee would cudgell you.

Fal. Did I, Bardoll?

Bar. Indeede, sir Iohn, you saide so.

Fal. Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

Pri. I say tis copper: darst thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why Hal: thou knowest, as thou art but a man, I dare, but as thou art Prince, I feare thee, as I feare the roaring of the Lyons Whelpe.

Prince. And why not as the Lyon?

Fal. The King himselfe, is to be feared as the Lyon: doest thou thinke I feare thee, as I feare thy father? nay, and I doe I pray God my girdle breake.

Prim. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees: but sirra, ther's no roome for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosome of thine, it is all fillde vpp with guttes, and murther, Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket? why, thou hore son impudent impost rascall, if there were any thing in thy pocket, but traurne reckonings, memorādums of bawdy houses, and one poore peniworth of Sugar-candie to make thee long winded: if thy pocket were inrich with any other iniuries but these I am a villaine; and yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket vp wrong: art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Doe it thou heare, hal: thou know it in the state of innocency, *Adam* fell, & what should poore Iacke Falstaffe do in the daies of villanie: thou seest, I haue more flesh then another man, & therefore more framy. You confesse then you pickt my

Prim. It appeares so by the story. (pocket.)

Fal. Hostesse, I forgive thee, go make ready breakfast, love thy husband, looke to thy seruants, cherish thy ghests, thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacified still: nay, prethee be gone.

Exit Hostesse.

Now Hal, to the newes at court for the robbery, lad? how is that answered?

Prince

The History of

Prim. O my sweet beoffe, I must still be good Angell to thee,
the mony is paid backe againe.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying backe, tis a double labour.

Prim. I am good friends with my father, & may do any thing

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it
with vnwasht hands too.

Bar. Do my Lord.

Prim. I haue procured thee, Iacke a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had beene of horse. Where shall I finde one
that can steale well? O, for a fine thiefe of the age of xxii. or ther
about, I am hainously vnprovided. Well, God be thanked for
these rebels, they offend none but the vertuous; I laud them, I
praise them.

Prim. Bardoll.

Bar. My Lord.

Prim. Go beare this letter to Lord Iohn of Lancaster,

To my brother Iohn, this to my Lord of Westmerland,

Go, Peto, to horse, for thou and I

Haue thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time:

Iacke meete me tomorrow in the Temple hall,

At two a clocke in the afternoone,

There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receiue,

Money and order for their furniture.

The land is burning, Percy stands on high,

And eyther they or we must lower lie.

Fal. Rare words braue world. Hostes, my breakefast come

Oh, I could wish this Tauerne were my drum.

Exeunt.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester and Douglas.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot, if speaking truth

In this fine age were not thought flattery,

Such attribution should the Douglas haue

As not a Souldier of this seasons stampe,

Should go so generall currant through the world,

By God I cannot flatter, I desie

The tongues of soothers, but a brauer place

In my harts loue hath no man then your selfe:

Nay, taske me to my word, approue me Lord.

Dou. Thou art the king of honour,

No man so potent breathes vpon the ground,

But I will beard him.

Enter out with letters.

Hot.

Henry the fourth.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well: What letters hast thou there? I can but thanke you.

Mess. These letters come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him? why comes he not himselfe?

Mess. He cannot come, my Lord, he is grievous sick.

Hot. Zounds, how has he the leisure to be sicke
In such a iustling time? who leades his power?
Vnder whose gouernment come they along?

Mess. His letters beares his mind, not I his mind.

Hot. I prethee tell me doth he keepe his bed?

Mess. He did, my Lord, foure dayes ere I set forth,
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much feard by his Phisition.

Hot. I would the state of time had first bin whole,
Ere he by sicknes had bin visited;
His heath was neuer better worth then now.

Hot. Sick now, droope now, this sicknes doth infect
The very life-bloud of our enterprife,
Tis catching hither, euen to our campe;
He writes me here, that inward sicknesse,
And that his friends by deputation
Could not so soone be drawne, nor did he thinke it meete,
To lay so dangerous and deare a trust
On any soule remou'd, but on his owne,
Yet doth he giue vs bold aduertisement,
That with our small coniunction, we should on,
To see how fortune is dispos'd to vs:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the King is certainly posselt
Of all our purposes: what say you to it?

Hot. Your fathers sicknesse is a maine to vs.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very lumme lopt off,
And yet, in faith, it is not his present want
Seemes more then we shall find it: were it good,
To set the exact wealth of al our states,
All at one cast to set so rich a maine,
On the nice hazzard of one doubtfull houre,
It were not good, for therein should we read

The Historie of

The very bottome and the soule of hope,
The very list, the very vmoſt bound
Of al our fortunes.

Doug. Faith, and ſo we ſhould,
Where now remaines a ſweet reuerſion,
We may boldly ſpend vpon the hope of what ſis to come in
A comfort of retirement liues in this.

Hot. A randeous, a home to fly vnto,
If that the Diuell and miſchance looke big
Vpon the maiden-head of our raiſaires.

War. But yet I would your father had been here:
The quality and heire of our attempt
Brookes no diuiſion, it will be thought
By ſome, that know not why he is away,
That wiſdome, loyalty, and mercedlike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence.
And thinke, how ſuch an apprehenſion
May turne the tide of fearefull faction,
And breed a kinde of queſtion in our cauſe:
For, wel you know, we of the offering ſide,
Muſt keepe aloofe from ſtrict arbitrement,
And ſtop all ſight-holes, euery loope, from whence,
The eye of reaſon may prie in vpon vs,
This abſence of your fathers drawes a curtaine,
That ſhewes the ignorant, a kind of feare
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You ſtraine too far.
I rather of his abſence make this uſe,
It lends a luſtre and more great oppinion,
A larger dare to your great enterprize,
Then if the Earle were here: for men muſt think,
If we without his helpe can make a head
To push againſt a kingdome, with his helpe
We ſhall, or turne it topſie turny downe,
Yet al goes well. yet al our iointes are whole.

Doug. As heart can thinke, there is not ſuch a word
Spoke of in Scotland, as this tearme of feare

Enter Sir Ri. Vernon.

Henry the fourth.

Hot. My cosin Vernon, welcome by my soule.

Ver. Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord.
The Earle of Westmerland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards, with Prince Iohn.

Hot. No harme what more?

Ver. And further I haue learnd,
The King himselfe in person hath set forth,
Or hitherwardes intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too: where is his sonne,
The nimble footed madcap, Prince of Wales?
And his Cunnrades, that daist the world aside,
And bid it passe?

Ver. All furnisht, all in Armes:
All plumde like Estridges, that with the winde
Baited like Eagles hauing lately bath'd,
Glittering in golden coats like images,
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sunne at Midsummer,
Wanton as youthful goates, wilde as yong buls:
I saw yong Harry with his beuer on,
His cushes on his thighes, gallantly armed,
Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seate,
As if an angell dropt downe from the cloudes,
To turne and winde a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more, wors than the sun in March.
This praise doth nourish ragues, let them come,
They com like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyd maide of smoky war,
All hot and bleeding will we offer them:
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit
Vp to the eares in blood, I am on fire
To heare this rich reprizall is so nigh,
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my horse,
Who is to beare me like a thunderbolt,
Against the bosome of the Prince of Wales,

The History of

Harry to Harry, shal not horse to horse
Meete, and ne're part, til one drop downe a course:
Oh, that Glendower were come.

Ver. There is more newes,
I learnd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He can draw his power this fourteene dayes.

Doug. That's the worst tydings, that I heare of it.

War. I by my faith, that beares a frosty sound.

Hos. What may the Kings whole battel reach vnto?

Ver. To thirty thousand,

Hos. Forty let it be,

My father and Glendower being both away.
The powers of vs may serue so great a day.
Com let vs take a muster speedily,
Domes day is neere, die al, die merily.

Doug. Talke not of dying, I am out of feare
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe year. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falstaffe and Bardoll.

Fal. Bardoll, get thee before to Couentry, fill me a bottle of
sacke, our souldiers shal march through. Weele to Sutton coper
hill to night.

Bar. Will you giue me money, Captaine?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bar. This bottle makes an angell.

Fal. And if it do, take it for thy labour, and if it make twen-
ty, take them all, Ile answer the Coynage, bid my Lieutenant
Peto meete me at Townes end.

Bar. I will, Captaine, farewell. *Exe.*

Fal. If I be ashamed of my souldiers, I am a sowth gurner, I
haue misused the Kings preste damnably. I haue got in ex-
change of 150 souldiers, 300 and oddie poundes. I presse me a
none, but good householders, Ycomens sonnes, inquire me out
contracted batchellers, such as had beene askt twice on the
banes, such a commodity of warme slauers, as had as lique heare
the Diuell as a Drumme, such as feare the report of a Caliuier,
worse the a strook-foole, or a hurt wild-ducke: I, presse me none
but such rosts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger
then pins heads, and they haue bought out their seruices, and

now.

Henrie the fourth.

now my whole charge consists of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants gentlemen of companies, slaues as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the gluttons dogs licked his sores: and such as indeed were neuer souldiers, but discarded vniust seruing mē, yonger sons to yonger brothers, reuolted rapsters & Ostlers tradefalne, the cankers of a calme world, and a long peace, ten times more dishonorable ragged, then an olde fazec ancient, and such haue I to fill vp the roomes of them as haue bought out their seruices, that you would thinke, that I had a hundred and fifty tottered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating drasse & husks. A madd fellow met mee on the way, and told me I had vnloaded al the gibbets & preit the dead bodies, No eie hath seene such skar-crowes. He not march through Couentry with them, that's flat: nay, and the villaines march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyues on, for indeed, I had the most of them out of prison, there's not a shirt and a halfe in al my company, and the halfe shirt is two napkins tack't together, and throwne ouer the shoulders like a Heralds coate without sleeves, and the shirt, to say the truth, stolne from my host at S. Albones, or the red nose Inkeeper of Dauintry, but that's al one, thei'le find linnen enough on euery hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Westmerland.

Prin. How now, blowne Iack? how now, quilts

Fal. What, Hal? how now, mad wag? what a diuell dost thou in Warwickshire? My good L. of Westmerland, I cry you mercie, I thought your honor had already bin at Shrewsbury.

W. H. Faith, sir Iohn, 't is more than time that I were there, & you too, but my powers are there already: the kingd can tell you, lookes for vs all, we must away al night.

Fal. Tut, neuer feare me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to steale Creame.

Prin. I think to steale Creame indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter: but tell me, Iack, whose fellows are these that come after.

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

Prin. I did neuer see such potifust rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut, good enough to tollie, foode for powder, food, for

The History of

for powder, thei'll fill a pit as well as better: rush man, mortall men, mortall men.

West. I, but, sir Iohn, methinkes they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their pouerty, I know not where they had that and for their barenesse, I am sure they neuer learnt that of me.
Prim. No, He besworne, vnlesse you cal three fingers on the ribs bare: but sirra make hast, Percy is already in the field. *Exit.*

Fal. What, is the king in camp't?

West. He is, sir Iohn, I feare we shal stay too long.

Fal. Well, to the later end of a tray, and the beginning of a feast, fits a dull fighter, and a keene guest. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon.

Hot. Weele fight with him to night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You giue him then aduantage.

Vern. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supplye?

Vern. So do we.

Hot. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

Wor. Good coosin be aduise, stir not to night.

Vern. Do not, my Lord.

Doug. You do not counsell well:

You speake it out of feare, and cold heart.

Vern. Do me no slander, Douglas, by my life,

And I dare well maintaine it with my life;

If well respected honor bid me on,

I hold as little counsel with weak feare,

As you, my Lord, or any Scot that this day liues:

Let be seene to morrow in the battell, which of vs feares.

Yea or to night.

Vern. Content.

Hot. To night say I.

Vern. Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much being men of such great leading as you are,

That you foresee not what impedments

Drag back our expedition; certaine horse

Of my coosin Vernons are not yet come vp,

Your

Henry the fourth.

Your Vncle Worcesters horses came but to day,
And now their pride and mettall is a sleepe,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is halfe the halfe of himselfe

Hot. So are the horses of the enemye,
In generall iorney bated and brought low.
Th: better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the King exceedeth our:
For Gods sake, Cousin, stay till al come in.

The trumpets sounds a parley. Enter sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt come with gracious offers from the King,
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

Hot. Welcom, sir Walter Blunt: and would to God
You were of our determination;
Some of vs loue you well, and euen those some
Enuy your great deseruings and good name,
Because you are not of our qualitie,
But stand against vs like an enemye,

Blunt. And God defend, but stil I should stand so,
So long as out of limit and true rule
You stand against anointed Maiestie,
But to my charge. The king hath sent to know
The nature of your greiues, and whereupon
You coniure from the breast of ciuill peace,
Such bold hostilitie, teaching his dutious land
Audacious cruelty. If that the King
Haue any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your grieues, and with all speede,
You shall haue your desires, with interest
And pardon absolute for your selfe, and these
Herein mislead by your suggestion.

Hot. The King is kind: and well we know, the king
Knowes at what time to promise, when to pay:
My father, my vncle, and my selfe,
Did giue him that same royaltie he weares,
And when he was not sixe and twenty strong,
Sick in the worldes regard, wretched and low,

The History of

A poore vnminde outlaw sneaking home,
My father gaue him welcome to the shore :
And when he heard him sweare and vow to God,
He came but to the Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his liuery and beg his peace.
With teares of innocency, and tearmes of zeale,
My father in kind heart and pittie mou'd,
Swore him assistance and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and barrons of the realme,
Percei'd Northumberland did leane to him,
The more and lesse came in with cap and knee,
Met him in Broughs, Cities, Villages,
Attend him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oathes,
Gaue him their heirs, as pages followed him
Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes,
He presently as greatnelle knowes it selfe,
Steps me a little higher then his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poore,
Vpon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh
And now forsooth takes on him to reforme
Some certaine edicts, and some straight decrees
That lie to heavy on the common-wealth,
Cries out vpon abuses, seemes to weepe
Ouer his Country wrongs, and by this face,
This seeming brow of iustice, did he winne
The hearts of al that he did angle for:
Proceeded further, cut me of the heads
Of al the fauourites that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personall in the Irish warre.

Blunt Tut, I came not to heare this.

Hot. Then to the point.

In short time after, he depos'd the King,
Soone after that, depriu'd him of his life,
And in the neck of that, task't the whole state:
To make that waste suffered his kinsman March,
(Who is, if euery owner were well plac'd,

Henry the fourth.

Indeede his King) to be ingag'd in Wales,
There without ranfome to lie forfeited,
Disgrac't me in my happy victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
Rated mine vncke from the counfel boord,
In rage difmiffe my father from the Court,
Broke othe on othe, committed wrong on wrong,
And in conclusion, droue vs to feeke out
This head of safety, and withal to prie
Into his title, the which we find
Too indireet for long continuance.

Blunt. Shal I returne this answer to the King?

Hot. Not so, fir Walter. VVeele withdraw a while.
Go to the King, and let there be impawnd
Some surety for a safe returne againe,
And in the morning early shal my vncke
Bring him our porpose and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and loue,

Hot. And may be, so we shal,

Blunt. Pray God you do.

Enter Archbishop of Yorke, and fir Mighel.

Arch. Hie, good fir Mighel, beare this sealed briefe
VVith winged haft to the Lord Marſhal,
This to my coofin Scroope, and al the reſt
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do import, you would make haft.

Sir M. My good Lord, I geſſe their tenor.

Arch. Like enough you do,
To morrow, good fir Mighel, is a day,
VVherein, the fortune of ten thouſand men
Muſt bide the touch. For fir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly giuen to vnderſtand,
The King with mighty and quick raiſed power,
Meetes with Lord Harry, and I feare, fir Mighel,
VVhat with the ſickneſſe of Northumberland.
VVhoſe power was in the firſt proportion,
And what Owen Glendowers abſence thence,
VVho with them was rated ſinew too,

The History of

And comes not in, ouer-rulde by propheties,
I feare the power of Percy is to weake,
To wage an instant triall with the King.

Sir M. Why, my good Lord you neede not feare,
There is Douglas and Lord Mortimer.

Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.

Sir M. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy
And there is my Lord of Worcester, and a head
Of gallant warriours, noble gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is, but yet the king hath drawne
The speciall head of al the land together.
The Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster,
The noble Westmerland and warlike Blunt,
And many mo coriuales and deare men
Of estimation, and command in armes.

Sir M. Doubt not my L. he shall be well oppos'd;

Arch. I hope no lesse, yet, needfull 't is to feare,
And to preuent the worst, sir Mighell, speede:
For if Lord Percy thriue not ere the King
Dismiss his power, he meanes to visit vs,
For he hath heard of our confederacy,

And, tis but wisdom to make strong against him.
Therefore make hast I must go write againe

To other friends & so fare well, sir Mighell. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Prince of wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster,

Earle of Westmerland, Sir Walter Blunt and Falstaffe.

King. How bloudily the sunne begins to peare,
Aboue yon busky hill, the day looks pale
At his distemperature.

Prince The Southerne wind

Doth play the trumpet to his purples,
And by hollow whistling in the leaues,
Foretels a tempest and a blustering day.

King. Then, with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seeme foule to thole that winne.

The trumpet sounds. Enter Worcester.

King. How now, my Lord of Worcester? tis not well.
That you and I should meete vpon such tearmes,

As.

Henry the fourth.

As now we meete. You haue deceiude our trust,
And made vs doffe our easie robes of peace,
To crush our old lims in vngentle Steele:
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? will you againe vnknit
This churlish knot of all abhorred war?
And moue in that obedient o:be againe,
Where you did giue a faire and naturall light,
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigie of feare, and a portent
Of broched mischiefe to the vnborne times?

War. Heare me, my Liege:
For mine owne part, I could be well content
To entertaine the lag end of my life
With quiet houres. For I protest,
I haue not sought the day of this dislike.

King. You haue not sought it: how comes it then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

Prin. Peace, chewet peace.

War. It please your Maiesty to turne your lookes
Of fauour, from my selfe, and all our house,
And yet I must remember you my Lord:
We were the first and dearest of your friends,
For you my staffe of office did I breake,
In Richards time, & posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kisse your hand,
When yet you were in place, and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was my selfe, my brother and his sonne
That brought you home, and boldly did outdate
The dangers of the time. You swore to vs,
And you did sweare that oth at Dancaster
That you did nothing purpose gainst the state
Nor claime no further, then your new false right,
The seat of Gaunt, Dukedome of Lancaster,
To this, we swore our aide: but in short space
It rained down fortune showing on your head,
And such a flood of greatnes tell on you.

The Historie of

VVhat with our helpe, what with the absent King,
VVhat with the iniuries of a wanton time,
The seeming sufferances that you had borne
And the contrarious winds that held the King,
So long in his vnluckie Irish warres,
That all in England did repute him dead,
And from this swarme of faire aduantages,
You tooke occasion to be quickly wooed,
To gripe the generall sway into your hand,
Forgot your oath to vs at Dancaller,
And being fed by vs, you vs'de vs so,
As that vngentle gull the Cuckowes bird
Vfeth the sparrow, did oppresse our nest,
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulke,
That euen our loue durst not come neere your sight,
For feare of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforst for safety sake, to flie
Out of your sight, and raise this present head,
VVhereby we stand opposed by such meanes
As you your selfe haue forg'd against your selfe,
By vnkind vsage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworne to vs in your younger enterprise.

King. These things indeed you haue articulate
Proclaimed at Market crosses, read in Churches
To face the garment of rebellion,
With some fine colour that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings and poore discontents
VVhich gape and rub the elbow at the newes,
Of hurly burly innouation,
And neuer yet did insurrection want
Such water colours, to impaint his cause,
Nor moody beggars, starung for a time,
Of pell mell hauocke and confusion.

Prin. In both your armies, there is many a soule
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they ioyne in triall, tell your Nephew
The Prince of VVales doth ioyne with all the world

Henry the fourth.

In prayse of Henry Percy: by my hopes
This present enterprife set of his head,
I do not thinke a brauer Gentleman,
More actiue, more valiant, or more valiant yong
More daring, or more bold, is now aliue,
To grace this latter age with noble deedes,
For my part, I may speake it to my shame,
I haue a trewant beene to chualric,
And so I heare he doth account me too;
Yet this before my Fathers Maiesty,
I am content that he shall take the ods
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to saue the blood on eyther side
Trie fortune with him in single fight.

King. And Prince of Wales so dare we venture thee,
Albeit, considerations infinite
Do make against it: No good Worcester, no,
We loue our people well, euen those we loue
That are mislead vpon your coosins part,
And will they take the offer of our Grace,
Both he and they, and you, yea every man
Shall be my friend againe, and Ile be his.
So tell your coosin, and bring me word,
What he will do But if he will not yeeld,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on vs,
And they shall do their office. So be gone,
We will not now be troubled with reply,
VVe offer faire, take it aduisedly.

Exit Worcester.

Prin. It will not be accepted on my life,
The Dowglas and the Hotspur both together,
Are confident against the world in armet.

King. Hence therefore every leader to his charge,
For on their answere will we set on them,
And God befriend vs as our cause is iust.

Exeunt: Mauts.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me downe in the battell
And bestride me, so tis a point of friendship.

Prin. Fal.

Prin. Nothing but a Colossus can doe thee that friendship.
Say thy prayers, and farewell.

The History of

Fals I would it were bed time *Hal*, and all well,

Prin. Why? thou owest God a death.

Fals. 'Tis not due yet, I would bee loath to pay him before his day: what need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Wel, tis no matter, honor pricks me on: yea, but how if he. nor prick me off when I come on: how then can honor set to a leg? no, or an arme? no, or take away the griefe of a wound? no, honor hath no skil in Surgery then? no: What is honor, a word: what is that word honor? what is that honor? aire: a trim reckoning, Who hath it? he that died a Wednesday? doth he feele it? no: doth he heare it? no: tis insensible then? yea, to the dead: but will it not liue with the liuing? no: why? detraction will not suffer it, therefore Ile none of it, honour is a meere skutchion, and so ends my Catechisme.

Exu.

Enter VVorcester, and sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew must not know, sir Richard
The liberall kind offer of the king.

Ver. Twere best he did.

VVer. Then are wee all vnder one.

It is not possible: it cannot be,

The King would keepe his word in louing vs,

He will suspect vs still, and find a time,

To punish this offence in other faults,

Supposition, all our liues, shall be stucke full of eyes,

For treason is but trusted like the Foxe,

VWho neuer so tame, so cherisht and lockt vp,

VWill haue a wilde trick of his ancessers:

Looke how he can, or sad or merrily;

Interpretation will misquote our lookes,

And we shall feed like Oxen at a stall,

The better cherisht, still the nearer death.

My Nephewes trespas may be well forgot,

It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of bloud,

And an adopted name of priuiledge,

A hair-braind Horspur gouerned by a spleene,

All his offences liue vpon my head

And on his fathers, VVe did traine him on

And his corruption beene tane from vs,

Henry the fourth.

We as the spring of all, shall pay for all:
Therefore good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case the offer of the King. *Enter Hotspurs.*
Ue Deliuer what you will He say tis so, Here comes your cousin.

Hot. My vnclē is returnd.
Deliuer vp my Lord of Westmerland,
Vnclē what news.

Wor. The King will bid you battell presently,

Doug. Defie him by the Lord of Westmerland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Doug. Marry and shal, and very willingly. *Exit Doug.*

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of our grieuances,
Of his oath-breaking, which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworne,
Hee calls vs rebels, traitors, and will scorge
With hawty armes, this hatefull name in vs. *Enter Doug*

Doug. Arme gentlemen, to armes for I haue throwne
A braue defiance in King Henries teeth,
And Westmerland that was ingag'd did beare it,
Which cannot chuse but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of wales stept forth before the King,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrell lay vpon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to day,
But I and Harry Monmouth: tell me, tell me,
How shewd his talking? seemd it in con tempt?

Uer. No, by my soule, I neuer in my life
Did heare a challeng vrg'd more modestly,
Vnlesse a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proosse of armes.
He gaue you al the duties of a man,
Trimd vp your praises with a Princely tongu,
Spoke your desertings like a Cronycle,
Making you euer better then his praise,
By stil dispraying praise, valued with you:
And which became him like a Prince indeede,

Hee

The History of

He made a blushing citall of himselfe.
And chid his trewant yoth with such a grace.
As if he mastred there a double spirit
Of teaching and of learning instantly:
There did he pause; but let me tell the world,
If he out liue the enuy of this day
England did neuer owe so sweete a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonnesse.

Hot. Coosin I thinke thou art enamored
On his follies: neuer did I heare
Of any Prince so wild a libertie:
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a touldiers arme,
That he shall shrinke vnder my curtesie.
Arme, arme with speede, & fellows, souldiers, friends,
Better consider what you haue to doe,
That I that haue not wel the gift of tongue
Can lift your bloud vp with perswasion. *Enter a Messenger.*

Mess. My Lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.

O, Gentlemen; the time of life is short:
To spend that shortnesse basely, were too long.
If life did ride vpon a dialles point,
Still ending at the arriuall of an houre,
And if we liue, we liue to tread on kinges,
If die, braue death, when Princes die with vs.
Now for our consciences, the armes are faire,
When the intent of bearing them is iust. *Enter another.*

Mess. My Lord prepare, the King comes on apace,

Hot. I thinke him, that he cuts me from my tale;

For I professe not talking, onely this,
Let each man doe his best; and here draw I a sword,
VVhose temper I intend to staine
VVith the best blood that I can meet withall,
In the aduenture of this perilous day.
Now esperance Percy, and set on,
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that musicke let vs all embrace,

Henrie the fourth.

For heauen to earth, some of vs neuer shall,
A second time do such a curtelie.

Here they embrace the trumpets sound, the King enters with his power, alarme to the battell, then enter Douglas and Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. What is thy name, that in battel thus thou croffest me
What honour dost thou seeke vpon my head?

Doug. Know then my name is Douglas,
And I do haunt thee in the battell thus,
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The Lord of Stafford deare to day hath bought
Thy likenes, for in stead of thee, King Harry
This sword hath ended him, so shall it thee,
Vnlesse thou yeeld thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not borne a yeelder, thou proud Scot
And thou shalt find a king that will reuenge
Lord Staffords death.

They fight, Douglas kills Blunt, then enters Hotspur.

Hot. O Dowglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus
I neuer had triumpht ouer a Scot.

Doug. Als done, als woon, hee breathles lies the King,

Hot. Where?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas? no, I know this face full well,
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt,
Semblably furnisht like the king himseife.

Doug. Ah foole, goe with thy soule whither it goes
A borrowed title hast thou bought to deare,
Why didst thou tell me, that thou wert a King?

Hot. The king hath many marching in his coates

Doug. Now by my sword, I will kill all his coares,
Hee murder all his wardrope, piece by piece,
Vntill I meete the king.

Hot. Vp, and away,
Our souldiers stand full fairely for the day.

Alarme, Enter Falstaff solus.

Fal. Though I could scape shot free at London, I feare the
shot here, heres no scoring but vpō the pate. Soft, who are you?
Sir Walter Blunt, theres honor for you, heres no vanity, I am as

The History of

hot as molten lead, and as heauy too : God keepe lead out of me, I need no more weight then mine owne bowels. I haue led my rag of Muffins where they are peperd: theres not three of my 150. left aliue, and they are for the townes end, to beg during life: but who comes here?

Enter the Prince.

Prin. What standst thou idle here? lend me thy sword
Many a noble man lies starke and stiffe,
Vnder the houes of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are yet vnreungd, I prethee lend me thy sword
Fal. O Hal, I prethee giue me leaue to breath a while : Tunk
Gregory neuer did such deeds in armes, as I haue done this day
I haue paid Percy, I haue made him sure.

Trin. He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee,
I prethee lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, before God Hal, if Percy be aliue, thougerst not my sword, but rake my Pistoll if thou wilt.

Prin. Giue it me, whate is it in the case?

Fal. I Hal, tis hot, tis hot, ~~clashes~~ that will sacke a City.

The Prince drawes it out, and finds it so be a bottle of sacke.

Prin. What is this to iest and dally now?

He throwes the bottle at him.

Exit.

Fal. Well if Percy be aliue, Ile pierce him, if he do come in my way: so, it be do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a Carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honor as sir Walter hath: giue me life, which, if I can laue, so it not, honour comes vnlookt for, and theres an end.

Alarme, excursions, Enter the King the Prince, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, and Earle of Westmerland.

King. I prethee Harry withdraw thy selfe, thou bleedest too much, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, go you with him.

P. Iob. Not I my Lord, vnlesse I did bleed too.

Prin. I beseech your Maiesty make vp
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends. (tent

King. I will do so my Lord of Westmerland leade him to his

West. Come, my Lord, Ile leade you to your tent,

Prin. Lead me my Lord? I do not need your helpe,

And God forbid a shallow scratch should driue,

The

Henry the fourth.

The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where staine Nobility lies troden on,
And rebels armes triumph in massacres.

Iohn. We breath too long, come cofen Westmerland,
Our duty this way lies, for Gods sake come.

Prim. By God, thou hast deceiude me Lancaster,
I did not thinke thee Lord of such a spirit,
Before I loude thee as a brother, Iohn,
But now I do respect thee as my soule.

King. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point,
With lustier maintenance then I did looke for
Of such an vngrowne warrior.

Prim. O, this boy lends mettall to vs all.

Exit

Doug. Another king, they grow like Hydras heads,
I am the Douglas farall to all those
That weare those colours on them. VVhat art thou
That counterfeist the person of a king?

King. The king himself, who Douglas grieues at heart,
So many of his shadowes thou hast met,
And not the very king: I haue two boyes
Seeke Percy and thy selfe about the field,
But seeing thou fallst on me so luckily
I will assay thee, and defend thy selfe.

Doug. I feare thou art another counterfeit,
And yet in faith thou bearest thee like a King,
But mine I am sure thou art, who ere thou be:
And thus I winne thee.

They fight, the King being in danger, Enter prince of Wales.

Prim. Hold vp thy head vile Scot or thou art like
Neuer to hold it vp againe, the spirites
Of valiant Sherly, Stafford, Blunt are in my armes
It is the Prince of VVales, that threatens thee,
VVho neuer promifeth, but he meanes to pay.

They fight, Douglas slaueth.

Cheerely my Lord, how fares your grace?
Sir Nicholas Gawtey hath for succor sent,
And so hath Clifton, ile to Clifton straight,

King. Stay, and breatch a while,

K:

Then

The History of

Thou hast redeemed thy lost opinion,
And the while thou makest some tender of my life
In this faire rescue thou hast brought to me.

Prin. O God they did me too much iniurie,
That ever said, I harkened to your death:
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you,
Which would have bene as speedy in your end,
As all the poysonous potions in the world
And saued the trecherous labour of your sunne.

Kin. Make vp to Clifton, ile to S. Nicholas Cawley. *Exu K.*

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

Prin. Thou speakest, as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

Prin. Why then I see a very valiant rebell of that name,
I am the Prince of Wales and thinke not Percy
To share with me in glory any more:

Two stars keepe not their motion in one sphere,
Nor can one England brooke a double raigne
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Now if all it Harry, for the howre is come,
To end the one of vs, and would to God
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.

Prin. He make it greater, ere I part from thee
And all the budding honours on thy crest,
He crop to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brooke thy vanities.

They fight. Enter Falstaffe.

Fal. Well said Hal to it Hal. Nay, you shall find no boyes
play here, I can tell you.

*Enter Douglas, he fighteth with Falstaffe, he faileth
downt, as if he were dead, he pricke
killeth Percy.*

Hot. Oh Harry, thou hast robbed me of my youth
I better brooke the losse of brittle life,
Then those proud titles thou hast won of me,

They

Henry the fourth.

They wound my thoughts, worse then thy sword my flesh
But thought's the slave of life, and life times foole,
And time that takes suruay of all the world,
Must haue a stop. O, I could prophesie
But that the earth, and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue: no Percy, thou art dust
And food for

Prw. For wormes, braue Percy. Fare thee well, great heart,
Ill weau'd ambition, how much art thou shrunke?
When that this body did containe a spirit
A kingdome for it was too small a bound,
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is roome enough: this earth that beares the dead,
Bears not aliue so stout a Gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of curtesie
I should not make so great a shew of zeales
But let my fauours hider hy mangled face,
And euen in thy behalfe, ile thanke my selfe,
For doing these faire rites of tendernes,
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heauen,
Thy ignomy sleepe with thee in the graue,
But not remembred in thy epitaph.

He speakes Faststaffe on the ground.

What, old acquaintance, could not all this flesh
Keepe in a little life: poore lacke farewell,
I could haue better sparge a better man,
O, I should haue a heavy misse of thee
If I were much in loue with vanity,
Death hath not strooke so faire a Deere to day
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray
Imbowelde will I see thee by and by
Till then in bloud by noble Percy lie.

Faststaffe riseth vp.

Fal. Imboweld? if thou imbowel me to day, ile giue you leave
to powdec me, and eate me too to morrow, Zblood, was time
to counterfeit, or that hot iermagant Scot had paid me scot and
lut too. Counterfeit? I lie. I am no counterfeit: to die is to bee a
counterfeit, for he is but the counterfeit of a mā, who hath not

The History of

the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, while a man thereby liueth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life: indeed, The better part of valour is discretion, in the which better part I haue saued my life. Zounds I am afraid of this gun-powder Percy, though he be dead, how if hee should counterfeit too and rise? by my faith, I am afraid hee would proue the better counterfeit: therefore ile make him sure, yea, & ile swear I kilde him. VVhy may not he rise as wel as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body sees me: therefore sirra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

He takes up Hotspur on his backe. Enter Prince and Iohn of Lancaster.

Prin. Come brother Iohn ful brauely hast thou sleight
Thy maiden sword.

Iohn. But soft, whome haue we here?

Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I saw him dead,

Breathles and bleeding on the ground. Art thou aliue?
Or is it fantasie that playes vpon our eye-sight?
I prethee speake, we will not trust our eyes.

VVithout our eares, thou art not what thou seemst.

Fal. No, thats certaine, I am not a double man: but if I be
not Iacke Falstaffe, then am I a lacke: there is Percie, if your
Father will doe me any honour, so: if not, let him kill the next
Percy himselfe: I looke to be eyther Earle or Duke, I can abuse
you.

Prin. VVhy Percy I kildemy selfe, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is giuen to lying: I grant you, I was down, and out of breath, and so was he, but wee rose both at an instant, and fought along howre by Shrewsburie clecke, if I may bee beleued, so: if not, let them that should reward valour, beare the sinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take it vpon my death, I gaue him this wound in the thigh, if the man were aliue, and would deny it, Zounds I wold make him eate a peece of my sword.

Iohn. This is the strangest tale that euer I heard.

Prin. This is the strangest fellow, brother Iohn,
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your backe,

Henry the fourth.

For my part, if a lie may doe thee grace,
Ile giulde it with the happiest termes I haue.

A retreat is sounded.

Prim. The trumpets sound retreat, the day is ours,
Come brother lets to the highest of the field
To see what friends are liuing, who are dead.

Exeunt.

Fal. Ile follow as they say for reward. He that rewardes mee,
God reward him. If I do grow great, Ile grow litle, for ile
purge and leaue Sacke, and liue cleanly, as a nobleman should
doe.

Exit.

*The trumpets sound. Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord
John of Lancaster, Earle of Westmarland, with Worcester
and Vernon prisoners.*

King. Thus euer did rebellion finde rebuke,
Ill spirited Worcester, did not we send grace,
Pardon and termes of loue to all of you
And wouldst thou turne our offers contrary,
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsmans trust?
Three knights vpon our party slaine to day,
A noble Earle, and many a creature else,
Had beene aliue this houre,
If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our Armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I haue done, my safety vrgde me to
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be auoided, it falls on me.

K. Beare Worcester to the death, and Vernon too:
Other Offenders we will paule vpon,
How goes the field?

Prim. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas when he saw
The fortune of the day, quitted from him,
The noble Percy slaine, and all his men,
Vpon the foot of feare, fled with the rest,
And falling from a hill he was so bruizd,
That the pursuers tooke him. At my tent,
The Douglas is, and I beseech your grace,
I may dispose of him.

King

The History of

King. With all my heart.

Prin. Then brother Iohn of Lancaster
To you this honourable bounty shall belong
Go to the Douglas and deliuer him,
Vp to his pleasure, ransomes and free,
His valour showne vpon our crests to day
Hath taught vs how to cherish such high deedes,
Euen in the bosome of our aduersaries.

Iohn. I thanke your grace for this high curtesie,
Which I shall giue away immediately.

King. Then this remaines, that we deuide our power
You sonne Iohn, and my cosen Westmerland
Towards Yorke shal bend you with your deereft speed,
To meet Northumberland and the Prelate Scroope,
Who, as we heare, are busily in armes,
My selfe and you, sonne Harry, will towards VVales,
To fight with Glendower, and the Earle of March,
Rebellion in this land shall loose his sway,
Meeting the checke of such another day.
And since this busines so faire is done,
Let vs not leaue till all our own be won.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

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